AUSTRALIA'S 'UNSUNG SOLDIERS OF THE LINE' ENTER BENGHAZI

With bayonets fixed, the Australian troops, who had played a great part in the taking of Benghazi, marched into the town on Feb. 7. They passed in front of substantial buildings, far different from the ramshackle conglomeration of houses that compose most of the Libyan towns. Arches in the background are bricked up in anticipation of air raids, but it is significant that the R.A.F. had never bombed the residential part of the town, it being left to the Luftwaffe to give their Italian allies, as well as the harmless Arabs, who form a large part of the population, their first experience of that form of warfare. For other illustrations of the fall of the capital of Cyrenaica, see pages 227, 238, and 239

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Into Benghazi Marched the Army of the Nile

As we have told in page 170, Benghazi was entered by the Army of the Nile on the morning of February 7, and we have also described the Battle of Soluk or "X.O.-6" (see page 200), in which the retreating Italian Army was completely destroyed. Now we give a picture of the city's actual fall, and of its occupation by the Imperial forces.

WHILE the Italian tanks and infantry that had fled from Benghazi were fighting desperately but all unavailingly to escape from the trap which had been set for them a few miles to the south, the City Fathers decided that the time had come to capitulate. So at 6 p.m. on Thursday, February 6, Nicola Epifani, Mayor of Benghazi, accompanied by a priest and one or two Italian officers, drove out to the aerodrome at Benina, and there in the draughty barracks handed over to the Australian brigadier the keys of the capital of Cyrenaica, of Mussolini's principal naval base in North Africa. The Brigadier—"Red Robbie" as he is called by the "Aussies"—accepted the submission, assured the Italians of his protection, and sent them back to the city with instructions to maintain order and, in particular, to prevent looting.

Early on the next day the Army of the Nile marched into Benghazi. It was the unsung soldiers of the line, wrote Alan Moorehead, "Daily Express" staff reporter, who finally had the honour of completing the great thousand-mile march from the Nile and taking the town. "In the grey, cold early morning light they got down from their trucks in the streets—just one company—and marched into the square before the Town Hall. They were unkempt, dirty, stained head to foot with mud. They had their steel helmets down over their eyes to break the force of the wind. Some had their hands botched with desert sores, all of them had rents in their greatcoats and webbing. They had fought three battles and a dozen skirmishes. They had lost some of their comrades, dead and wounded, on the way. They had often been hungry, cold and wet through in these two months of campaigning in bitter weather. . . . The townspeople swarming round the square had half sullenly expected brass bands and a streamlined military parade. Instead they got this little ragged group of muddy men. They hesitated. Then a wave of clapping broke down from the housetops, along the pavements and across the whole of the massed square. I felt like clapping myself in that one highly-charged moment."

Benghazi—the town itself, its environs and harbour—is shown in this map with the roads and railways that radiate from the town. *By courtesy of "The Times"*

At nine o'clock the Brigadier drove into the square in his cream-coloured limousine, and as he stepped out on to the Town Hall steps the troops "swept out with fine snap and swung round to full parade-ground salute." Mayor Epifani, distinguished by a tricolour sash across his shoulders, stood waiting nervously, wiping his spectacles. Beside him stood Bishop Vescovo, and in the background was a group of municipal councillors, police and Carabinieri in their full-dress uniforms. Every window, every doorway, that looked on to the square was filled with Italians, and the women held up their children to get a better view.

As the Brigadier alighted from his car the Mayor stepped forward. The representatives of the conquerors and the conquered shook hands, and with that handclasp Benghazi passed into British possession. Then through an interpreter the Brigadier issued his orders. "I reappoint you," he said, "and all civil officers in their present positions. You will continue with your normal work. Get your people to reopen their shops and businesses. Your civil guard will act in conjunction with my own garrison troops." No sooner had the interpreter finished when the enthusiasm broke out afresh. The whole throng of onlookers—Italian men in felt hats and overcoats, pretty girls in fashionable dresses, smartly-uniformed officials and police, and grinning Arabs who had already learnt to salute the British way—they all clapped and cheered. It was a dramatic moment, a moment as astonishing as dramatic.

Swiftly the townspeople set themselves to obey the Brigadier's order. Down came the shutters from many of the shops, and the cafés and the hotels were soon doing the best business they had done for weeks. Although many of the houses had been scarred by shellfire the town was practically intact. The water supply was still functioning, and so too was the electricity for lighting and heating—much to the delight of the soldiers who for weeks past had been marching and fighting in the dust and dirt of the desert, and who only a few hours before had been plunging through an ocean of red mud, whipped by the sand-laden wind. For the first time in many weeks, too, they were able to drink their fill of water, not to mention the other more tasty beverages which were to be obtained in the town's "pubs."

Before many days had passed Benghazi had settled down under the British occupation. Most of its wealthier citizens had fled to the supposedly safer towns along the coast to the west, and the banks, the chief shops and offices remained closed. But the smaller shops and hotels were open.

Cyrenaica Under British Rule

On February 10 it was announced in Cairo that Lieut.-Gen. Sir Maitland Wilson, Commander-in-Chief of the conquering Army of the Nile, had been appointed Military Governor and General Officer C.-in-C. Cyrenaica, and in his administration of the province he was assisted by a number of military and civil officers. But so far as possible the Italian functionaries were retained in office, and in the streets the traffic was directed by British military police standing side by side with Italian police and Bersaglieri. As conditions became more settled, numbers of the population who had fled trickled back steadily to their houses and farms. But their homecoming was not always happy and peaceful. It was soon made plain to the British that there was no love lost between the Italians and the Arabs whom they or their fathers had dispossessed. In large measure the cordial welcome given to the troops by the Italian population might be attributed to their relief at finding themselves under such strong protection. Without that protection the lot of the Italian settlers would have been uncomfortable, if not dangerous, for the Arabs who had been so sorely maltreated by Graziani looked forward eagerly to wiping off old scores.

The people of Benghazi welcomed, even with enthusiasm, the British and Australian troops when they marched into the town. These children were among the large crowd in the streets when the place was formally surrendered. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Cheers and Smiles Greeted the Victors

The formalities for the surrender of Benghazi were accomplished without any great military parade. Above left, the Italian Mayor, Nicola Epifani, with Bishop Vescovo on his right, hands over his authority to the Brigadier in command of Australian troops. Right, the Brigadier is seen outside the civic building.

AUSTRALIANS ENTERING BENGHAZI were greeted rather as deliverers than as conquerors, and from the crowds that witnessed their passage through the streets came smiles, friendly words, and even hand-clapping. No great precautions were taken, and above is a typical scene when Australian artillery entered the main square passing through crowds of townspeople who still moved freely about.

Photos, Australian Official: Crown Copyright

In Jubaland They 'Hit Them—and Hit Them Hard'

From July until December 1940 there was a gap of some 100 miles between Italians and British on the Kenya-Italian Somaliland front. But on Dec. 16 General Cunningham opened an offensive which in two months carried the Imperial forces beyond the Juba.

"Hit them; hit them hard, and hit them again." This was the injunction given by the G.O.C., Lt.-Gen. A. G. Cunningham, to the East African Imperial Force on the eve of their invasion of Jubaland—that south-western corner of Italian Somaliland that was part of Britain's Kenya Colony before 1925 and is now once again in British occupation.

Composed of troops drawn from the Union of South Africa, from West Africa and from East, General Cunningham's force delivered its first attack against El Wak, a frontier post set in the heart of the bush and defended in considerable strength. The attack was launched on December 16 by South African troops—it was the first action in which the South Africans were officially stated to have taken part—supported by an East African armoured car unit and a Gold Coast battalion with tanks. Two South African units which particularly distinguished themselves were the Natal battalion which captured a burning village—they went over the top, so it was reported, singing a Zulu war song—and a Transvaal battalion which captured the Italian Brigade Headquarters; and the South African Air Force, which plastered the Italian defences with bombs at the opening of the attack, also calls for special mention.

After El Wak had been put out of action General Cunningham organized and made his preparations for an invasion of Italian Somaliland from points far to the south; and in view of the success which has crowned his arms there can be little doubt that he laid his plans and executed them with that same careful precision and masterly generalship that is so characteristic of General Wavell's operations in Libya. First a number of frontier posts were subdued, Liboi on January 24, Haweina on January 27, and Beles Gugani on February 4. General Cunningham's men pressed on into the interior until, 100 miles from the frontier, they came up against the Italians at Afmadu on February 8. The place was held by an Italian battalion, supported by field artillery and considerable numbers of *Banda* (native levies). But after the South African Air Force had bombed the place, the Italians quitted on the night of February 10 rather than wait for the British onslaught which was timed for dawn on February 12. In this action the King's African Rifles particularly distinguished themselves.

From Afmadu the invaders moved on through the dense thorn and scrub, across a largely waterless and almost roadless wilderness to Kismayu, the Italian port at the mouth of the Juba river. They encountered little resistance in their advance, and what little there was was overcome by the Gold Coast Regiment, supported by an Indian mountain battery, who seized the bridgeheads on the river. At the same time units of the Royal Navy harassed the Italians who were moving along the road between Kismayu and Mogadishu, while 'planes of the S.A.A.F. subjected Kismayu to severe bombing. The Italians did not make much of a stand, and at 2 o'clock on February 14 the King's African Rifles marched into Kismayu and hoisted the Union Jack in the main square. The Italian garrison, two battalions with some artillery, had evacuated the place two days before, after having destroyed everything that might be of military value. The natives, who thronged the streets of the little town with its thatched, whitewashed houses, gave the Imperial troops a perfervid reception and expressed no little pleasure at being, after 15 years of Italian rule, once more under the British flag.

General Cunningham now pressed on across the Juba towards Mogadishu, and on February 25 this, the capital of Italian Somaliland, was taken by Empire troops.

BRIGADIER DAN PIENAAR, in command of the South African Forces operating in East Africa, has just been awarded the D.S.O. for his brilliant leadership at El Wak. Below is a private of the Gold Coast Regiment, Royal West African Frontier Force, on the look-out.

WHAT THE G.O.C. SAID

Lt.-Gen. A. G. Cunningham's Order of the Day to the East African Imperial Force

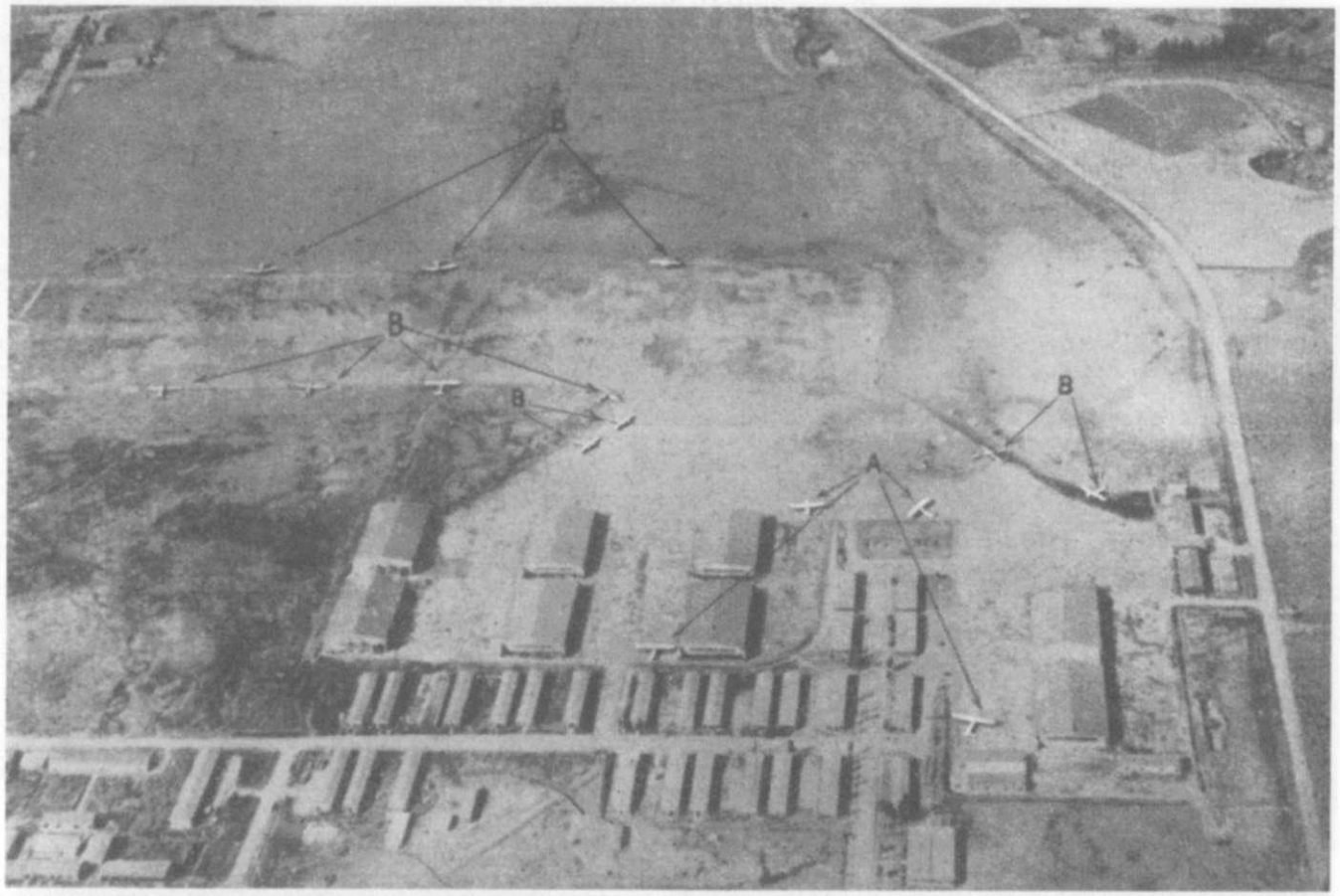
The victory of the Imperial troops farther north has filled us in East Africa with pride and excited thought. No doubt the ensuing period has touched us with envy and there has been a strong desire to emulate their achievement.

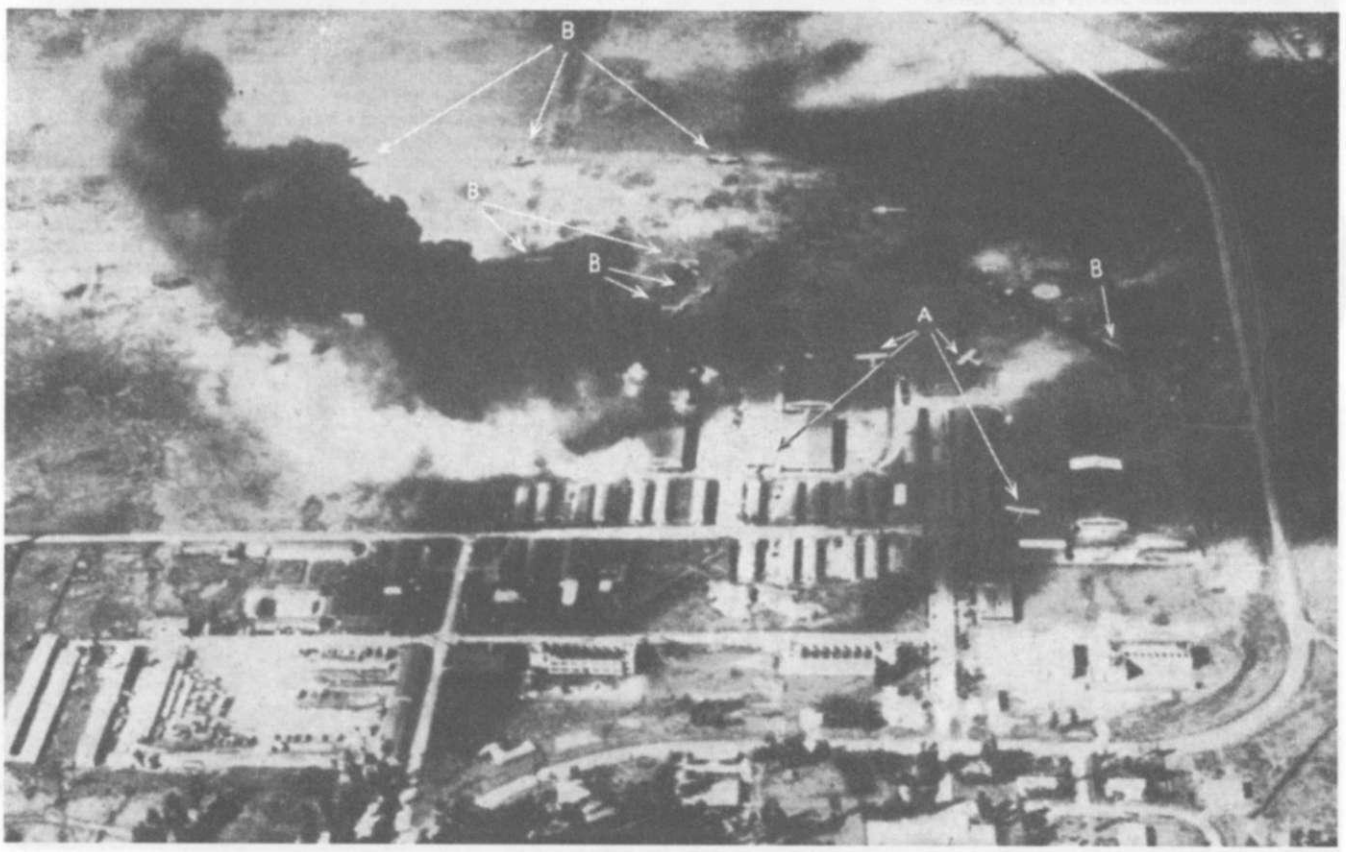
The chance is now here. This force is no whit behind in dash, courage, and endurance. Confident in this, I send to the South African and West African troops taking part in the operations a message of good luck.

Hit them; hit them hard, and hit them again.

The lines of advance of the British troops and Abyssinian Patriots against the Italians in Eritrea, Abyssinia and Italian Somaliland are indicated by the arrows in this map. *Photos, South African Official, and British Movietone News; Map, "News Chronicle"*

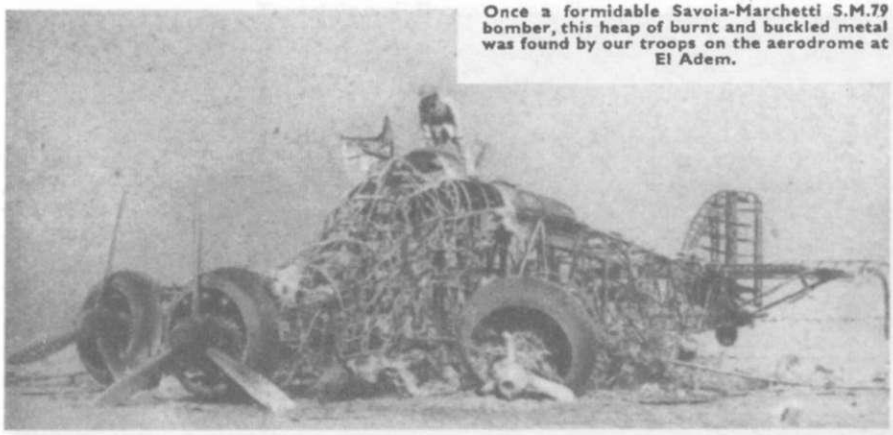
'Alert' and 'Raiders Passed' at Addis Ababa





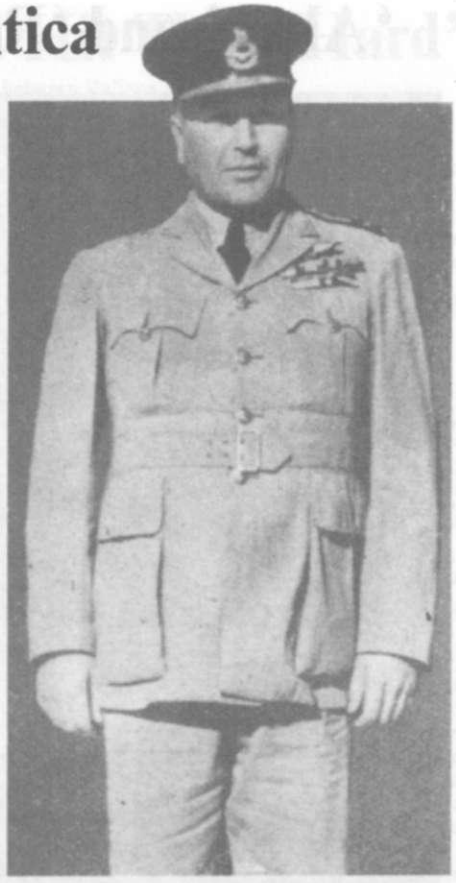
Bombs have already fallen on the aerodrome of Addis Ababa, seat of Mussolini's Government in Abyssinia, as the two unique photographs in this page show. That on the top of the page was taken by one of the reconnaissance 'planes that preceded the bombers. Dispersed on the landing field are (A) Caproni bombers, (B) Savoia-Marchetti bombers. The lower photograph shows the same scene when the raiders had passed. Direct hits on hangars had been made and, as they burned fiercely, clouds of dense smoke cast deep shadows over the aerodrome. *Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Smiters of the Regia Aeronautica



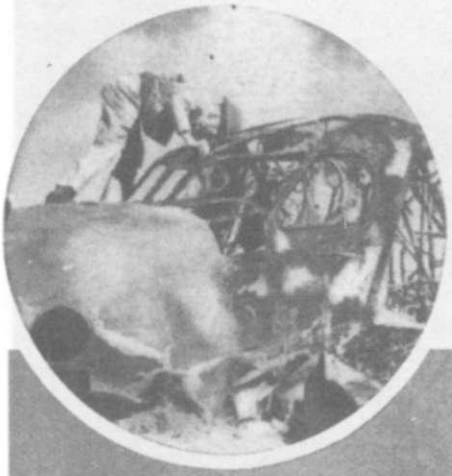
Once a formidable Savoia-Marchetti S.M.79 bomber, this heap of burnt and buckled metal was found by our troops on the aerodrome at El Adem.

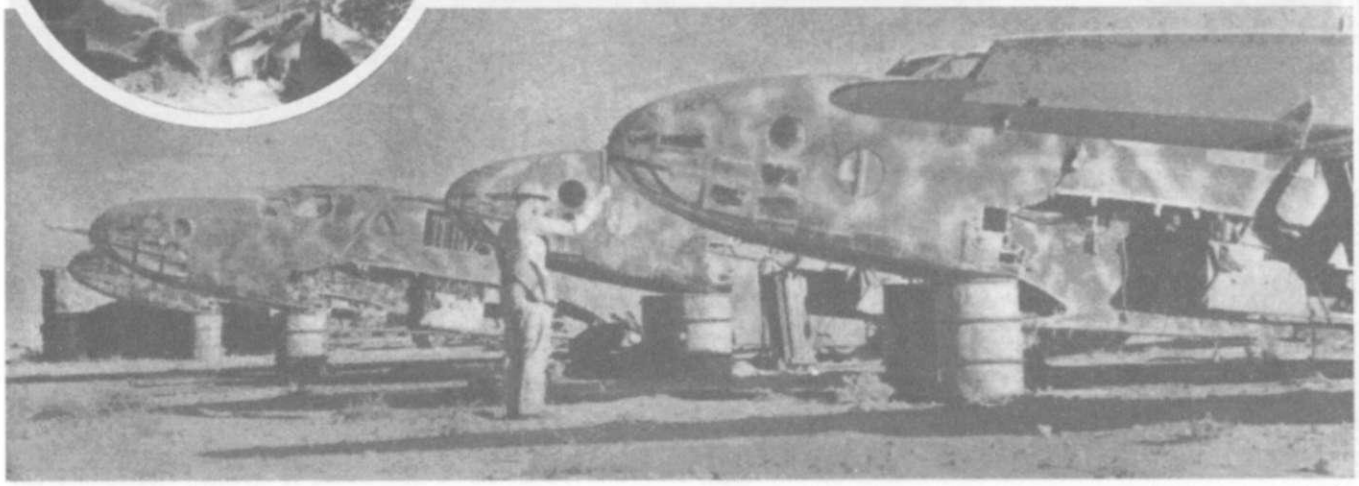
Men of the R.A.F. show a keenness and audacity which have compelled the admiration of the world. Here are six gallant fellows serving with a bomber squadron in Libya.



Air Commodore Raymond Collishaw, who commands the R.A.F. in the Western Desert, started his career as an airman with the Royal Naval Air Service in 1915. He is 47.

COMMANDING the squadrons of the R.A.F. in the Western Desert is one of the most inspiring personalities serving Britain today. He is Air Commodore Raymond Collishaw, D.S.O., O.B.E., D.S.C., D.F.C. Born in Canada on November 22, 1893, he has crowded into his 47 years high adventure and grand achievement on land, sea and in the air. After studying at the Canadian Naval College he joined the Canadian Navy in the Fishery Protection Service. Then he went on Scott's ill-fated Polar expedition. When the war of 1914-1918 came Collishaw, of course, was in it. In 1915 he forsook the sea and joined the Royal Naval Air Service. It was not long before he began to show that dash, initiative and superb skill in markmanship and flying, which, by the time the war had drawn to a close, raised him to second place in the long list of British air "aces." Altogether this tough, smiling Canadian shot down sixty German machines and, when the Armistice came, he had won the D.S.O. and Bar, the D.S.C. and the D.F.C. Still serving with the R.A.F., he went to North Persia in 1920, and later to Iraq, where he remained until 1923. For three years from 1929 he served in H.M. aircraft carrier Courageous as Senior R.A.F. Officer, and then he commanded various R.A.F. stations in England. Time passed and once again Collishaw was posted abroad, first to the Sudan and then Heliopolis. Now as Air Officer Commanding the Egypt Group, Middle East Command, he is proving his worth in Libya.

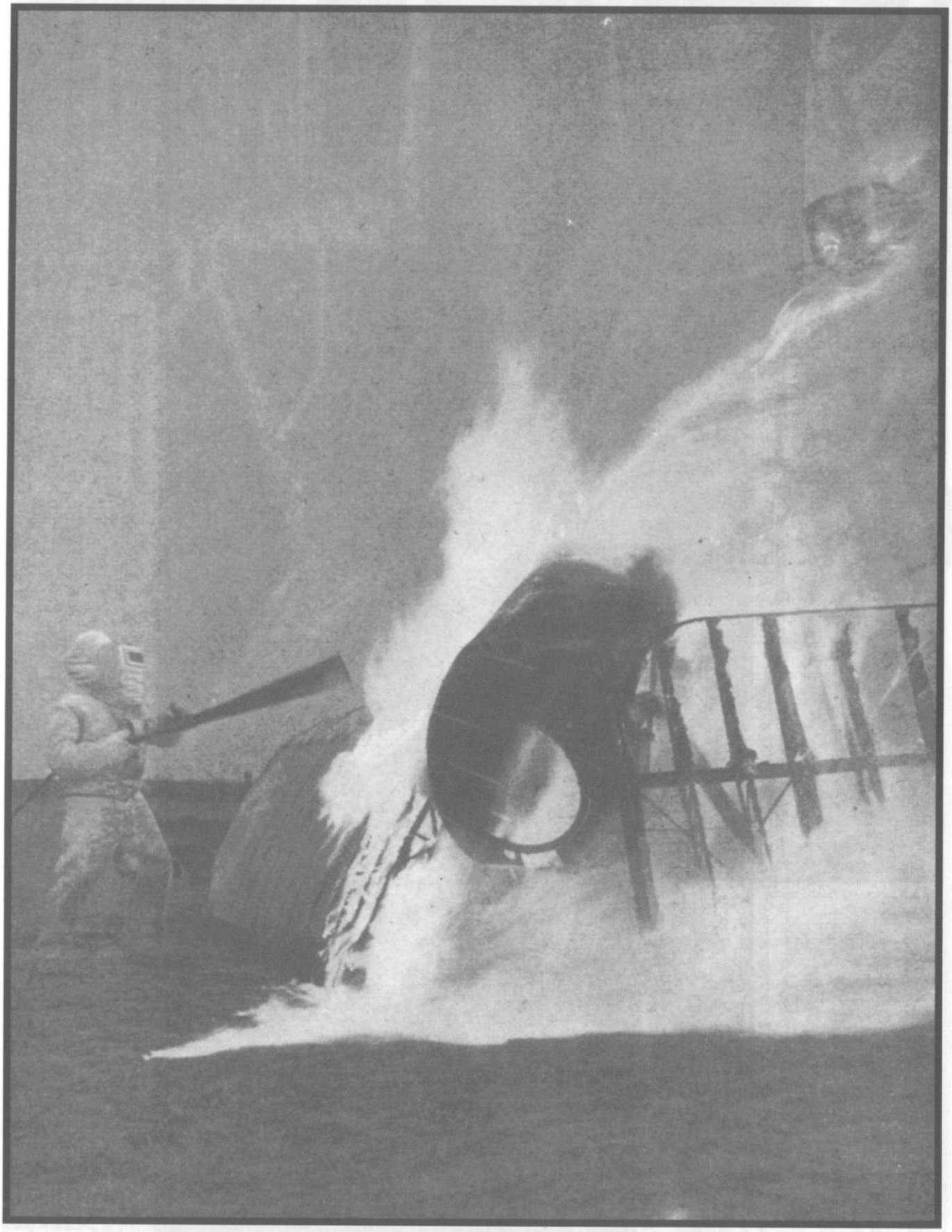




ON EL ADEM AERODROME, the largest air base in Libya, no fewer than eighty-seven Italian aircraft were found smashed and ruined as a result of the intensive bombing by the R.A.F. A portion of one of the wrecked enemy machines is shown in the circle. Italian aircraft, whether they met the R.A.F. in the sky or remained grounded at their bases in the desert, could not escape destruction in the mighty British offensive. Above is another scene on the aerodrome at El Adem. The machines are, or rather were, twin-engined bombers.

Photos, British Official : Crown Copyright

'It Caught Fire and Crashed in Flames'



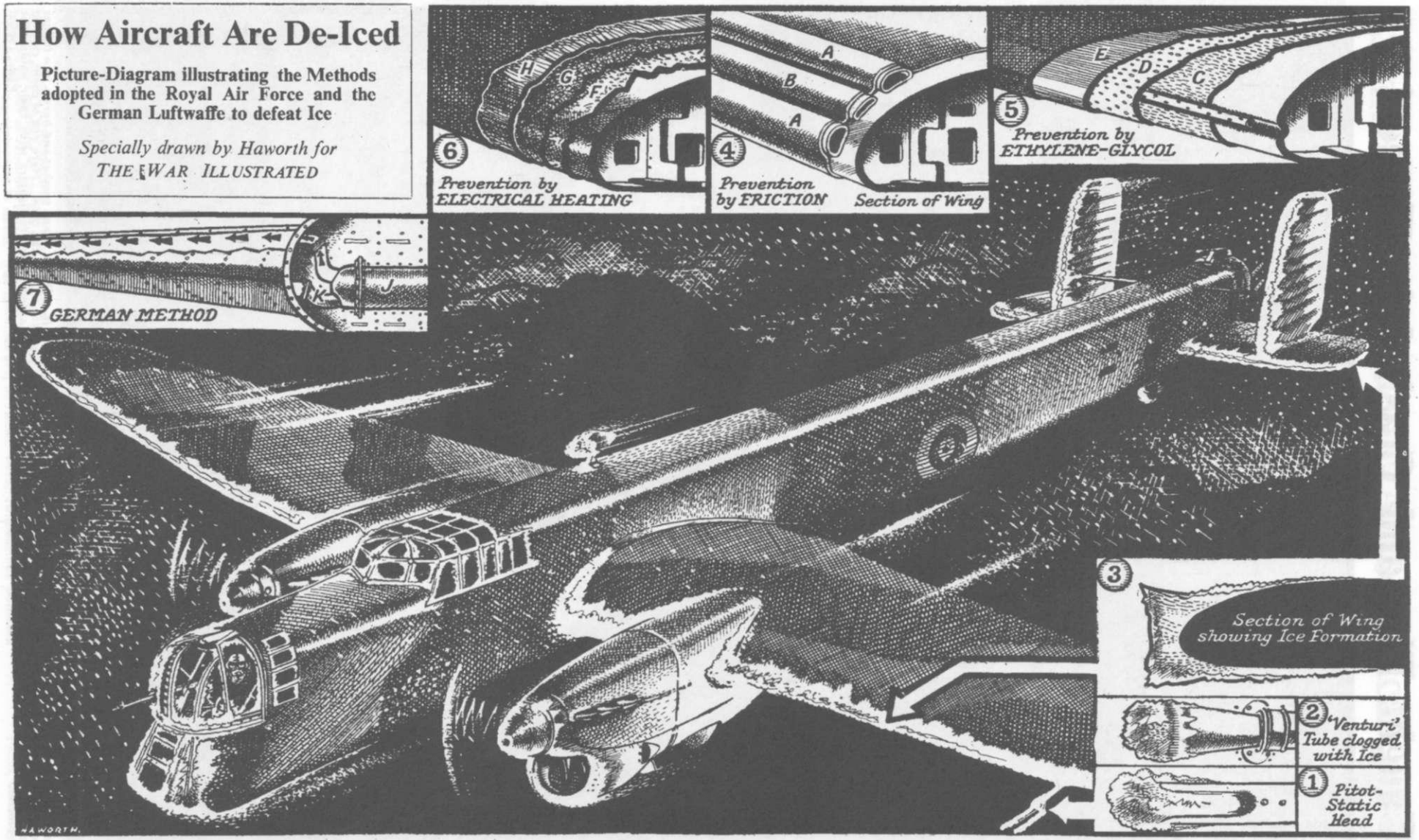
FIRE FIGHTING is such an important duty of the R.A.F. that a special school gives instruction in it. When a 'plane crashes and bursts into flames the fire parties, who must be of first-rate physique and strong nerve, may have to go right into the blaze to save the crew. Here one of them, clothed from head to foot in an asbestos suit, is spraying a foam mixture on a burning wreck. On most aerodromes fire fighters with their equipment are ready for all emergencies.

Photo, Topical

How Aircraft Are De-Iced

Picture-Diagram illustrating the Methods adopted in the Royal Air Force and the German Luftwaffe to defeat Ice

Specially drawn by Haworth for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED



WHEN OUR HEAVY BOMBERS, such as the "Whitley" here shown, make trips deep into Germany or over the Alps to Italy, they often encounter weather conditions which cause ice to form on the aircraft.

Under such conditions the hinges of the ailerons, rudders and elevators have a tendency to become locked, the guns in the revolving turret may freeze up, the airscrews become coated, flinging off sharp pieces of ice which are a danger to the crew, and, more serious still, the pitot-static head ***(Diagram 1)***, which controls the airspeed indicator, and the "Venturi tube" ***(Diagram 2)***, which controls the gyroscopic instruments, may become clogged with ice and refuse to function. Both of these are outside the 'plane, but actuate instruments inside the cockpit on which the pilot relies.

On some types of aircraft, too, the bomb-release gear tends to become jammed by ice unless treated beforehand.

Diagram 3 is a section of the aircraft's wing showing how ice will completely alter the shape of the leading edge; the same applies in the case of tail and rudders. The shape of these lifting and directing surfaces has been carefully designed, and if the ice is not prevented from forming the airacraft will slow up and become "soggy" and unmanageable.

All modern aircraft carry instruments which warn the pilot when ice formation is beginning, and there are several methods of prevention, some of which are shown in the remaining diagrams.

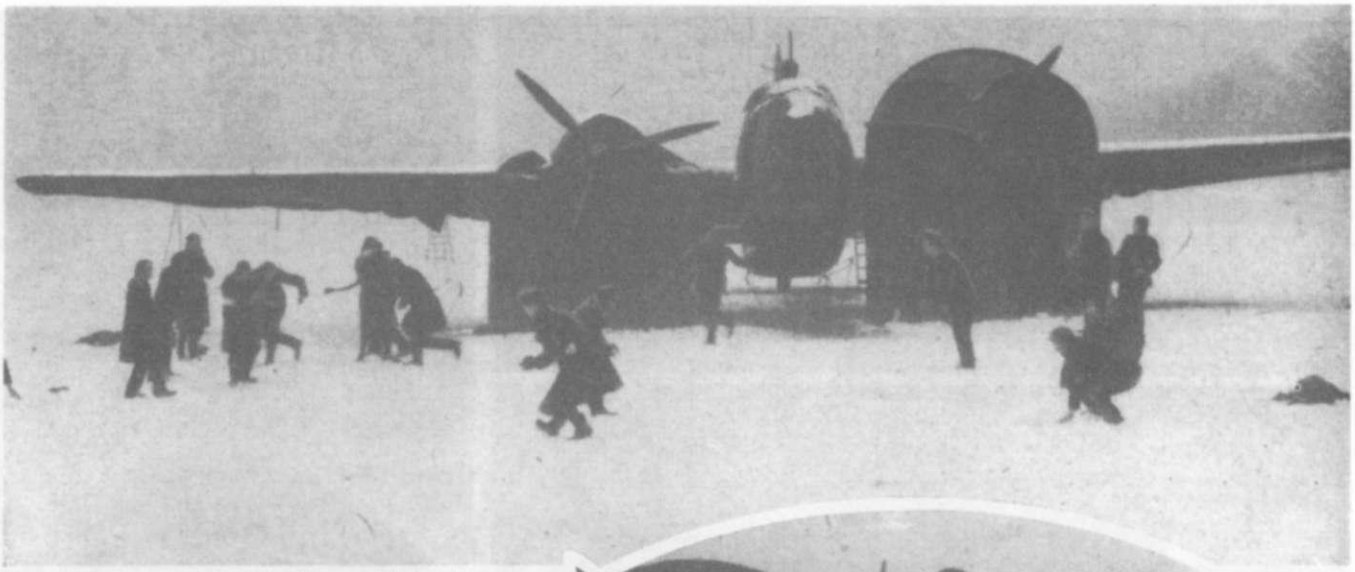
Diagram 4 shows a method similar to that used by the R.A.F. Rubber tubing is fixed on all leading edges and by alternately inflating and deflating the ice is cracked off. Tubes A A are inflated, B deflated.

Diagram 5: C and D are respectively rubbered fabric doped to the wing and porous fabric; between the two runs a perforated tube carrying ethylene-glycol which seeps through the outer cover of leather E and prevents ice accretion.

Diagram 6: F is a layer of cork, G one of asbestos and H a special dope which conducts electrical warmth, to prevent ice formation.

Diagram 7 shows the method used by the German Luftwaffe. Hot air from the engine is conducted through a reservoir J along the leading edge of the wing. It can be by-passed through valve K when not required.

The Way the Ground Staff Beat the Winter



Despite the extra work which winter conditions impose upon R.A.F. ground crews, the men, as we see, can still find time for recreation. Their charge is a Vickers Wellington bomber.

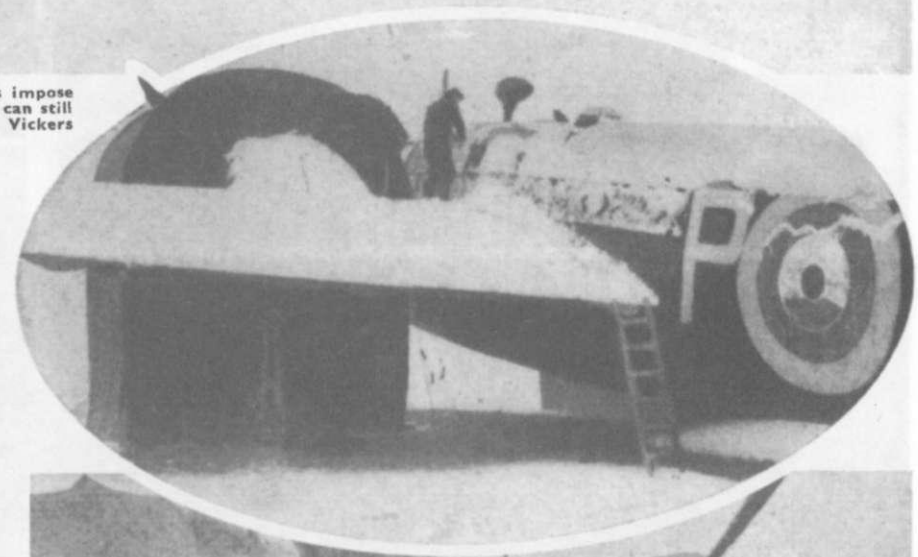
THOUGH modern instruments and efficient training enable the R.A.F. to fly even in appalling weather conditions, throughout the winter snow, ice, frost and sleet are still the greatest enemies of our bomber squadrons.

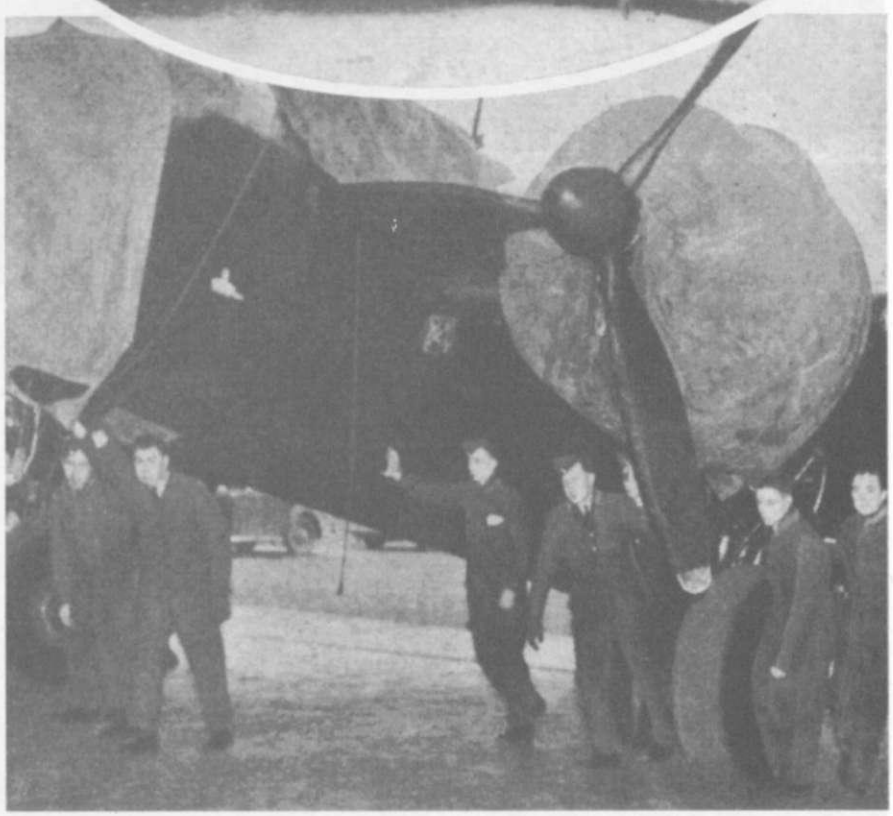
But a severe winter not only adds to the difficulties of the bomber pilots ; active service conditions necessitate the aircraft being kept out in the open and this greatly increases the work of the ground personnel. Hard weather conditions entail much extra work for those responsible for the maintenance of the machines.

Whether it rains or snows, constant inspection of all aircraft has to be carried out minutely at regular intervals. The great engines of the bombers must be kept warm by shrouding them with heating devices and taking steps to ensure that they will start up at a second's notice. So that the bomb-aimer's sight shall not be obscured by frost and misting up, the windows from which he scans his target must be regularly wiped over with glycerine. Even such routine work as greasing and cleaning is no sinecure when carried out in bitter weather which numbs the fingers and chaps the hands.

Many components and accessories of the aircraft's equipment have to be specially treated to prevent trouble developing in the air through ice formation (see diagram opposite), and landing-grounds themselves have to be kept in good condition. And while all this regular maintenance work is going on, engine overhauls, repairs to the airframe, to the retractable undercarriage, the wireless equipment, the armament, etc., have to be carried out swiftly and thoroughly. A hundred and one small details, which, though small, are vital, have to be attended to, and all this requires patient devotion to duty on the part of the riggers and fitters.

EACH man attached to the ground staff of an R.A.F. station must be a highly skilled technical expert, trained to a high pitch of efficiency. Although considerably less spectacular than that of the flying branches of the R.A.F., the work of the maintenance crews is every bit as essential, if the efficiency of the Service as a whole is not to be impaired. They are " key " men, and without their skill and steadfast devotion to duty, by day and by night, all the courage of the pilots and aircrews who man the machines to raid and fight the enemy would be of little avail.

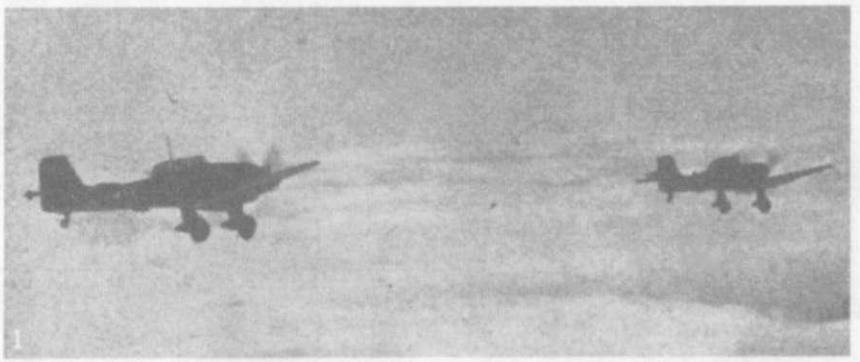


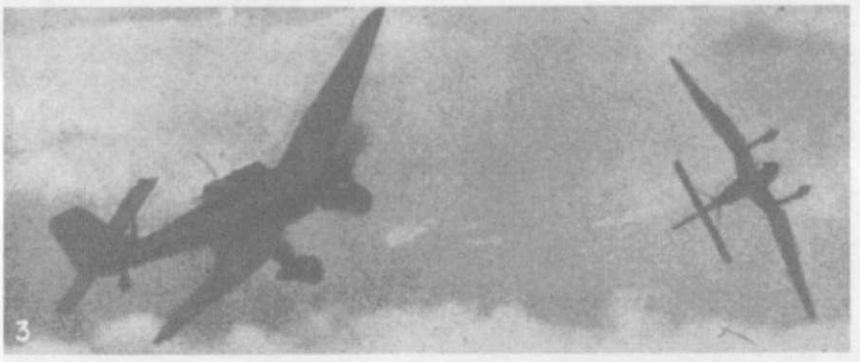


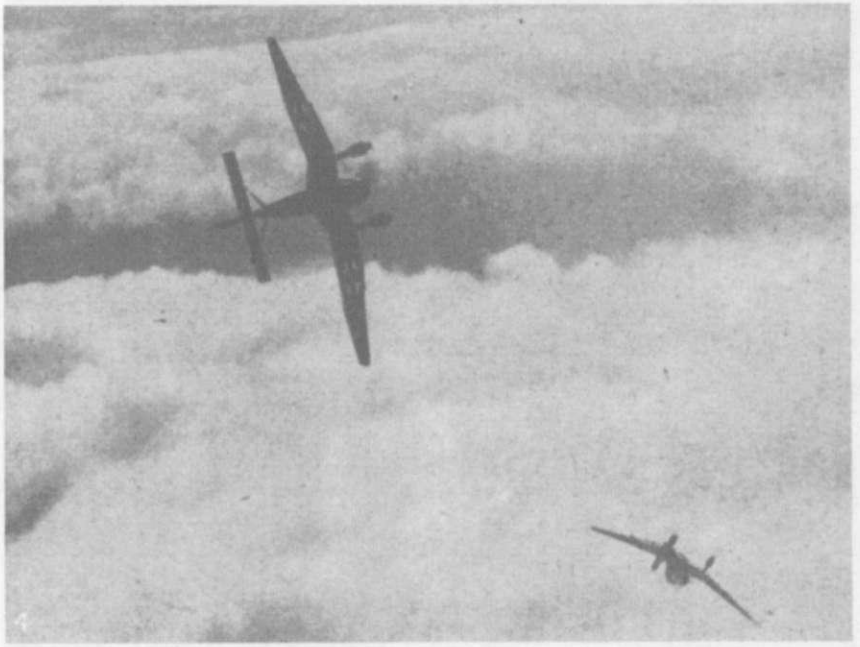
MAINTENANCE OF AIRCRAFT during a hard winter entails hard work. Though snow covers its wings and fuselage the Wellington bomber (oval) is ready to take off at a moment's notice, for its engines are enclosed in a special tent in which a heating device keeps them at a working temperature. Above, maintenance staff are wheeling out a Handley Page Hampden from its hangar to the repair shop.

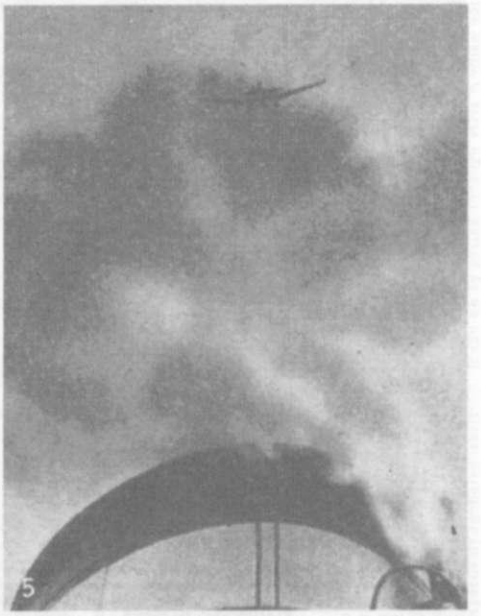
Photos, Planet News and Fox

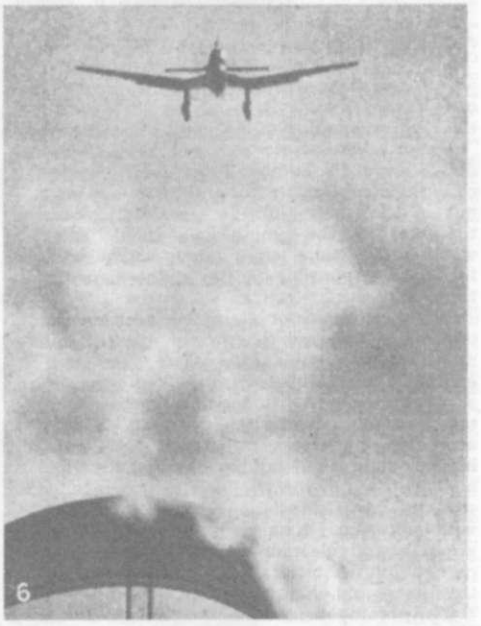
See the 'Stuka' Dive Screaming Down







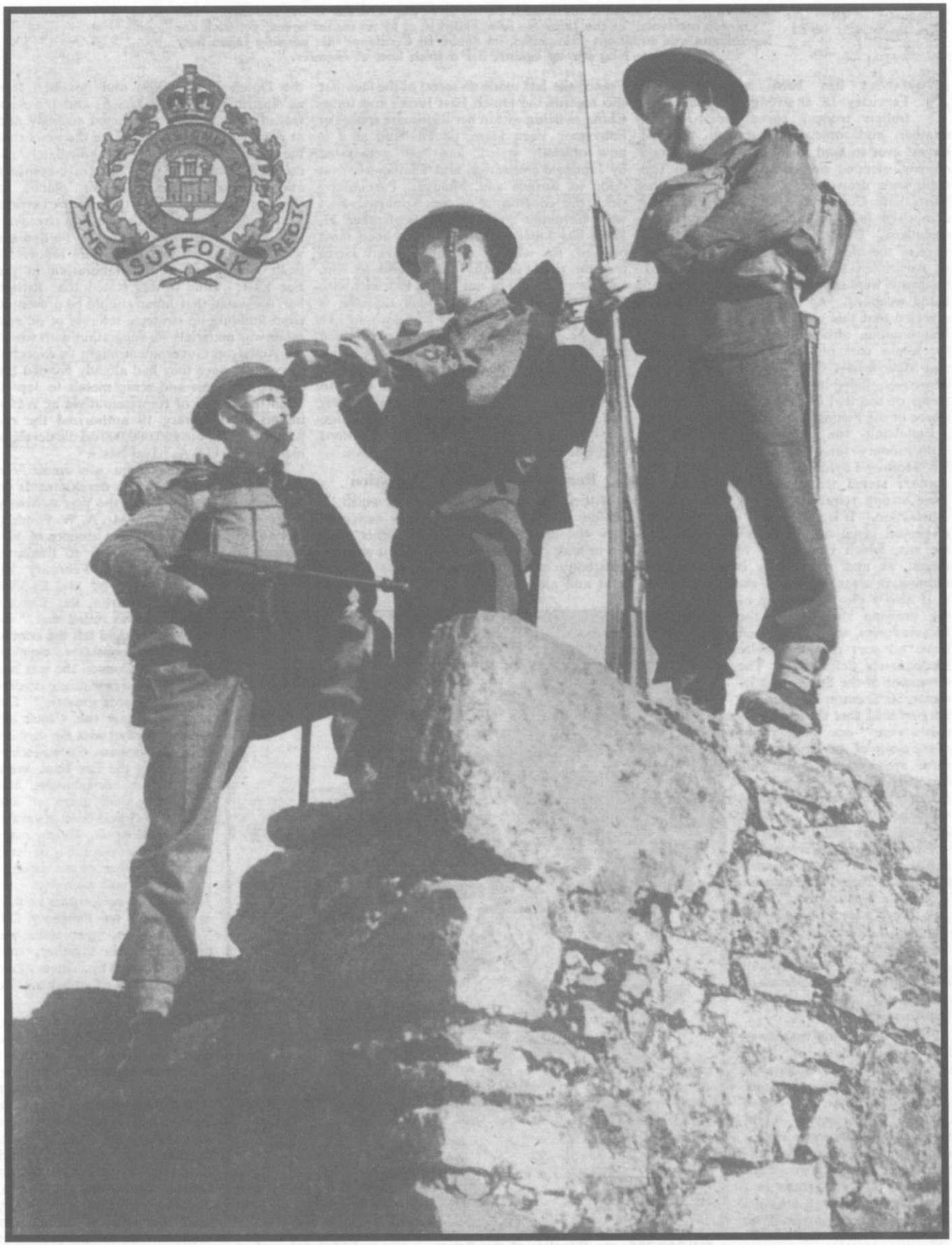




DIVE BOMBING, in its different stages, is well illustrated by this series of photographs (from German sources) of the way "Stukas" attack shipping. Note how the machine, a Junkers JU 87, from level flight (1) goes into a dive by executing a half-roll (2 and 3) and is then followed down by its companion (4). The "Stuka" is next seen (5) and (6) swooping down on the target, and the final photograph shows the attacker pulling out of the dive after releasing its bomb. The last three photographs were taken from a German steamer, an attack having been staged by request, so that photographs might be taken.

Photos, E.N.A.

Men of the 'Old Dozen' Ready for Anything



THE SUFFOLK REGIMENT was represented amongst those who waited amidst a rain of bombs on the sands of Dunkirk on the memorable days of early June 1940, when the British Expeditionary Force snatched triumph out of defeat. Now, the Suffolks who got safely home are training to fight again. The regiment was established as the 12th Foot in 1685, and it took part in the last siege of Gibraltar 1779-83, commemorated in the regimental badge (top left) by a castle and key, the arms of Gibraltar.

Photo, British Official : Crown Copyright

War & Threat of War in the Far East

Since 1937, when the Japanese invaded China, there has been war in the Far East. The "Chinese Incident," as the Japanese have called it, is by no means ended, yet such are her imperialistic ambitions (stimulated, no doubt, by Germany) that possibly Japan may ere long stir up against her a fresh host of enemies.

SINGAPORE has been reinforced. On February 18 a strong force of Australian troops, some thousands in number and officially described as the largest ever to land in Malaya from a single convoy, stepped ashore at Singapore. The men were drawn from every state in the Australian Commonwealth, and the units comprised infantry, artillery, transport and signallers. Their howitzers and field guns were of the most modern type, all produced in Australian arsenals, and the anti-tank regiments were similarly equipped with home-made weapons. At the same time it was revealed that this was not by any means the first landing, although it was the largest; for weeks past our garrisons in Singapore and Malaya have been steadily strengthened. Moreover, there have been large reinforcements of the R.A.F. and the Australian Air Force in the Peninsula.

Following the announcement of the expeditionary force's arrival, Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey Layton, C.-in-C. of the China Station, stated that "the safe arrival of these strong reinforcements is viewed with satisfaction. It is yet another demonstration of power, given by the British command of the sea, which enables us to station our forces, as and when they complete their training, in areas where they are most needed. It is also a clear indication of the growing strength of the Empire forces, which now need leave no part of the Empire inadequately defended." The Governor of the Straits Settlements, Sir Shenton Thomas, for his part said that the reinforcements were "one more proof of the unity of the Empire, one more recognition of the fact that we all stand or fall together"; while Major-General Gordon Bennett, G.O.C. Australian Forces, who had arrived in Singapore some days earlier, stated that his men were "as efficient and fit a lot as ever left Australia," and that they were even better equipped than earlier troops to leave the Commonwealth because of the great strides which had been made in the development of Australian war industries.

British spokesmen were careful to emphasize that the expeditionary force had arrived solely to defend Singapore and Malaya and not to attack anyone. None could doubt, however, that the move was a reply to Japan's distinctly bellicose words and acts of recent months. For ten years and more Japan has been engaged in a campaign of imperialistic aggression; first she invaded Manchuria in 1931; in 1937 she attacked China; and since the collapse of Holland and France she has made no secret of the fact that she regards the Dutch East Indies and Indo-China as being within her legitimate sphere of influence. Even Siam, or Thailand as it is now officially styled, has been penetrated by Japanese emissaries, and Thailand is next door to Burma and Malaya. Particularly since the conclusion of the Tripartite Pact with Germany and Italy on September 27, 1940, has Japanese intransigence been most marked, for it was concluded when Japan thought that Germany was bound to win. But now things are not going too well with Italy; and the future, we may suppose, is not quite so clear to Hitler as he would like it to be. Hence Japan has been prodded into action by her partners with a view (we may presume) to diverting some of Britain's naval and military strength, and also to persuade the Americans to go slow in their policy of utmost aid for the democracies, since their ships and 'planes and munitions might be required for a war of their own.

Reactions to Japan's Aggression

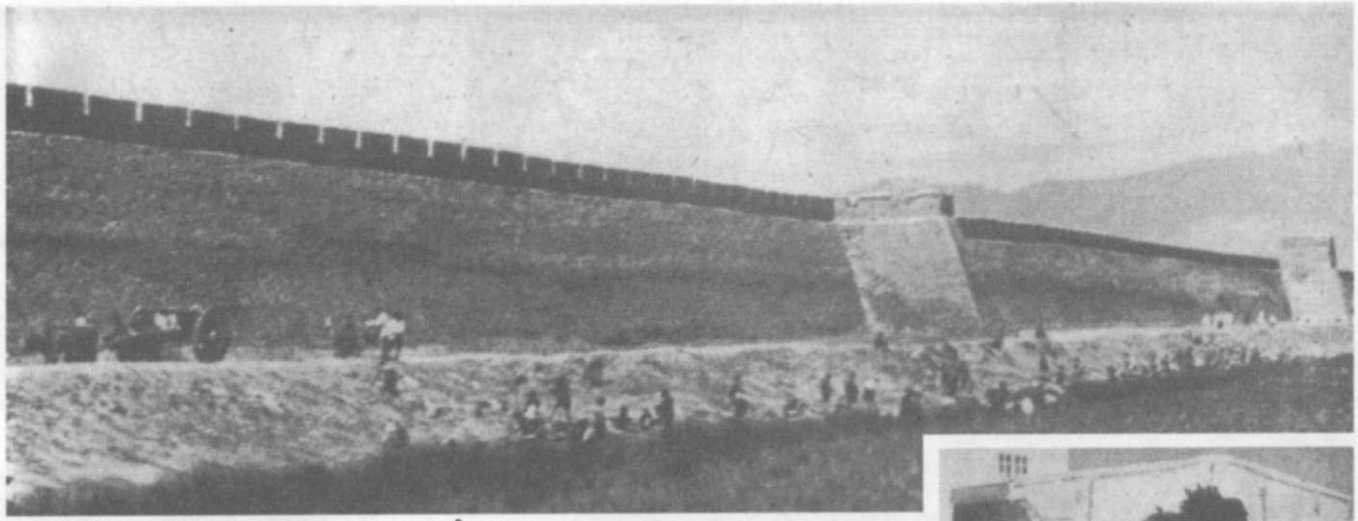
If these, indeed, are the motives which lie behind some of Japan's recent activities, then the results have been far other than might have been anticipated. Faced with the possibility of a Japanese offensive by sea, land and air, aimed at British Malaya and the Dutch East Indies, and possibly, too, at Australia, both the U.S.A. and the Australian Commonwealth reacted strongly and at once. From America came the news that the Pacific Fleet would be immediately reinforced with a large number of dive-bombers and the latest types of fighter 'planes, so that the complements of the aircraft carriers would be brought up to wartime strength; the garrison at Manila in the Philippines was strengthened, and there were reports of fresh Anglo-American collaboration in the Far East. Thus it was stated that Britain had suggested that Japan should be prevented from building up strategic reserves of oil and other war materials—a suggestion with which the American Government might be expected to concur, since they had already banned the export of metals and scrap metals to Japan. Then the House of Representatives at Washington on February 19 authorized the expenditure of about £60,000,000 on the development of the U.S.A. naval bases.

Then in Australia there was immediate reaction to news of recent developments in the Pacific. The sitting of the War Advisory Council, presided over by Mr. A. W. Fadden, Acting Prime Minister in the absence of Mr. Menzies, who was on his way to England, was suddenly adjourned on February 13, and in a statement issued by Mr. Fadden and Mr. Curtin, the Labour leader, it was stated that "we think we should tell the people that in the considered opinion of the War Council the war has moved into a new stage, involving the utmost gravity." On the next day the Chiefs of Staffs, together with Sir Robert Brooke Popham, Commander-in-Chief in the Far East, were called into consultation, but no details were given of the news which had been regarded as so portentous. In any case, Australia was not really in need of any reminder of the seriousness of the war situation. As Mr. Menzies said on his arrival in England on February 20, "We are on your side, we are all in this together, and you will never be beaten while there are any of us left on the surface."

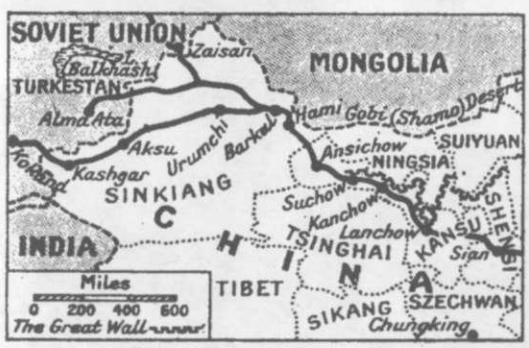
Australia's preparedness, demonstrated so obviously and forcibly by the dispatch of the expeditionary force to Singapore, and America's determined stand against the mere threat of further Japanese aggression in the Pacific, together combined to counsel a more moderate policy in Tokyo, and Mr. Matsuoka, Japanese Foreign Minister, sent a conciliatory message to London. So for the present at least it was peace, albeit a strongly armed peace, and not war in the Pacific.

SINGAPORE—the Gibraltar of the Orient—is a powerful bulwark against a possible Japanese threat, not only to India but to the Dutch East Indies and Australasia. This map, illustrating recent developments, shows the distances between strategic points; the lighter-shaded portions represent Dutch possessions. *By courtesy of the "News Chronicle"*

China's Gateway that the Japanese Cannot Close



CHINA'S NORTH-WEST ROAD, shown in the map below, runs for the most part through primitive country. One big town stands upon it—Lanchow, with a population of about 200,000; above is the city wall. Near Lanchow the road runs for some distance beside the Great Wall of China. Below right is a soldier on guard on the road; he carries a German Bergmann sub-machine gun.



Many inhabitants of the Shensi and Kansu provinces through which the road runs live in caves cut in the loess cliffs of the R. Hwangho; above is the entrance to one of them.

The defences of the road would be useless in modern warfare, for they consist of blockhouses, such as that above left, built of mud, which is liable to crumble under stress of weather, making repairs an interminable process. Mud walls are the only protection of the villages, like that above. On the other hand, the difficult nature of the terrain, seen clearly in the photograph, would form a natural defence. *Wide World Photos: Exclusive to WAR ILLUSTRATED*

OF the three roads which connect China with the wider world, the Burma Road is frequently bombed by Japanese airmen, while that which runs through Indo-China has been closed by the Japanese occupation of Southern China. The third road, however, remains open—that which leads from Sianfu, in the heart of China, between the Gobi Desert and the highlands of Tibet, into Sinkiang and so on into Asiatic Russia. This is the great North-West Road, the road which in the Middle Ages was travelled by Marco Polo and along which for centuries have passed the silk caravans. Now it is thronged with motor-lorries and trains of coolies bringing to Chiang Kai-Shek's armies those munitions of war which the Soviet supplies.

On the Steps of Benghazi's Town Hall the Australian Brigadier R

Mighty Men of Valour Are the Greeks

Fighting in some of the most difficult country in Europe, often in the most appalling winter weather, the Greeks are steadily thrusting back the Italians, who had the temerity to invade their land. Here we tell something of their recent successes, but more of the Greek Army itself.

"MAGNIFICENT" is not too strong a word to apply to the Greeks who for so many weeks past have been battling in the Albanian mountains. Even during the height of winter—and the winter in the Balkans has been terrible indeed with its blizzards and heavy rains, its biting cold—the Greeks have maintained their pressure. True, there was a general slackening in the operations when the weather turned for the worse on December 13 and for six weeks the battle was immobilized by the snow; but as soon as conditions were a little more favourable the struggle was resumed. Now it was the Italians who intensified their effort, and in 25 days General Cavellero ordered his men over the top in 46 counter-attacks. Not one of the 46 was successful; each was smashed by the Greek artillery and riflemen, blown to pieces by the bombers of the R.A.F., or slithered to disaster in the snow-filled gorges.

Fighters with the Bayonet

Six months ago, even three months, it would have seemed improbable, if not impossible, that the Greeks could have put up so splendid a show. Even the most optimistic of their admirers and wellwishers have been astounded by what they have actually accomplished. They have proved themselves to be more than masters of the Italians; before the war the Greek soldier had the reputation of being the best marcher in Europe, but now he has won recognition as a master-fighter with the bayonet. Time and again the communiqués have described the fierce bayonet charges of the Greeks, and time and again the Italians have fled rather than face that glittering line of bared steel.

During the Balkan wars of 1912-1913 the Greeks distinguished themselves against the Turks, and in the Great War they proved themselves of value as the allies of Britain and France on the Salonika front. But their invasion of Turkey ended in complete disaster in 1922, and following the Treaty of Lausanne in the next year the Greek Army was neglected. The politicians were too busy squabbling amongst themselves to see that the soldiers had the war material they needed. What equipment the Army possessed was old and out of date; there was practically no artillery and no anti-aircraft guns, engineering equipment was similarly conspicuous by its absence, the only bridge-train being one dating from the Balkan wars; fortifications, roads, and railways were alike neglected; the intake of conscripts was diminished consequent upon the reduction in the period of military service, and particularly in officers the Army was sadly deficient.

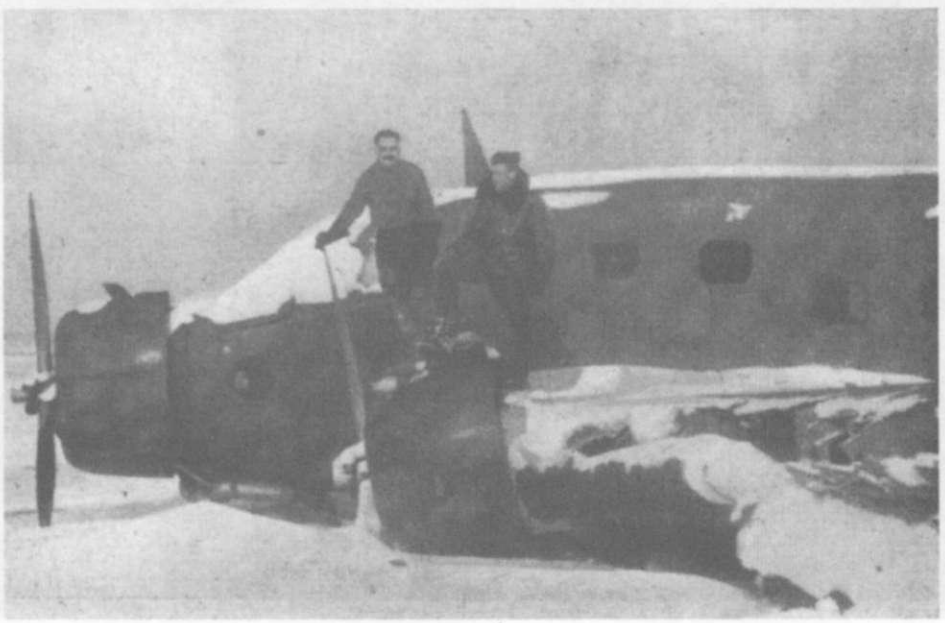
Following the outbreak of the Italo-Abyssinian war in 1935 there began to be manifested a demand for the Army's modernization and extension, as it seemed clear that war might soon spread to the Mediterranean. Little was done, however, until the advent to power in 1936 of General Metaxas, and then much was done, speedily and well. Large sums of money were voted for the Army, for the improvement of communications and the strengthening of the country's fortifications. The Metaxas Line, with its 3,000 concrete strong-points, was planned and constructed along the country's northern frontier. Some hundreds of field, anti-aircraft, and light mountain guns—especially the last, so that today Greece's light mountain artillery, transported by mules, has particularly distinguished itself—were purchased, as well as quantities of trench mortars, anti-tank guns and anti-tank rifles. Tanks, armoured cars, and modern automatic weapons were also added, together with bridge trains and other sappers' equipment of the latest type, transport animals, stocks of clothing, spare parts, and medical stores. Thirty new barracks were constructed, as well as many depots, hospitals and warehouses.

Up to the time of the Balkan wars of a generation ago, the Greek Army was inclined to model itself upon that of Austria-Hungary, but after 1918 the influence of the French Military Mission made itself felt, and uniforms and equipment were based very largely on French models. Early in the thirties, however, French influence began to wane, and when King George returned to the throne in 1935 from his exile in England, it was but to be expected that the English touch should become ever more apparent. The Air Force, too, is organized on English lines, while the Navy has always striven to follow the English tradition.

Boys in the Front Line

Military service in Greece is compulsory and universal; normally the conscript serves for 24 months, followed by 19 years in the First Reserve and eight years in the Second. The annual batches of conscripts are called up for service in March and September, and the normal annual intake is 50,000 recruits (although in wartime young men under conscription age can volunteer for service, which accounts for the number of young boys who are now serving at the front).

Only the officers of the Army are professional soldiers; they are trained at a college in Athens which corresponds to our Sandhurst and the French St. Cyr. The cadet, who wears a blue uniform with brass buttons and yellow ornaments, follows a three or four year course and is known as a "Euelpis" ("Good Hope Boy," from the fact that his country puts its trust and confidence in him). That that trust is not misplaced has been more than made clear by the splendid way in which the officers of today have captained their men in the hard and bitter fighting on the Albanian front.



FIGHTING IN ALBANIA is proceeding approximately along the dotted line in this map. Above, two Greek airmen stand triumphantly on the wreckage of an Italian heavy bomber just brought down. Deep snow on the ground gives an indication of the exceptionally severe weather experienced in Albania early in 1941, rendering air operations difficult. *Map, "News Chronicle"; photo, by courtesy of the Royal Greek Legation*

Soldiers of Our Ally Ready for Action

Greece has no great munition works, and her Army's equipment has come largely from foreign sources. Many of her field guns, one of which is seen above in Albania, were supplied by Krupps, the great German armament firm.

The Greek sentry, left, standing on guard at cross-roads eight miles from Koritza, wears the usual uniform of the Greek infantry, not very different from that of a British infantryman. His helmet is of more individual type. Below, a field-telephone unit using imported apparatus is at work on the Albanian front.

Photos by courtesy of the Royal Greek Legation

A Turn for the Better in the Shipping War

Continuing his series of chapters describing the course of the war directed by the enemy against our mercantile shipping, D. E. Maxwell describes below that comparative "bright patch" which overlapped Christmas and the New Year, when, though it could not be claimed that the enemy attack at sea had been mastered, at least the figures of sinkings were encouraging after the dreary record of the previous months.

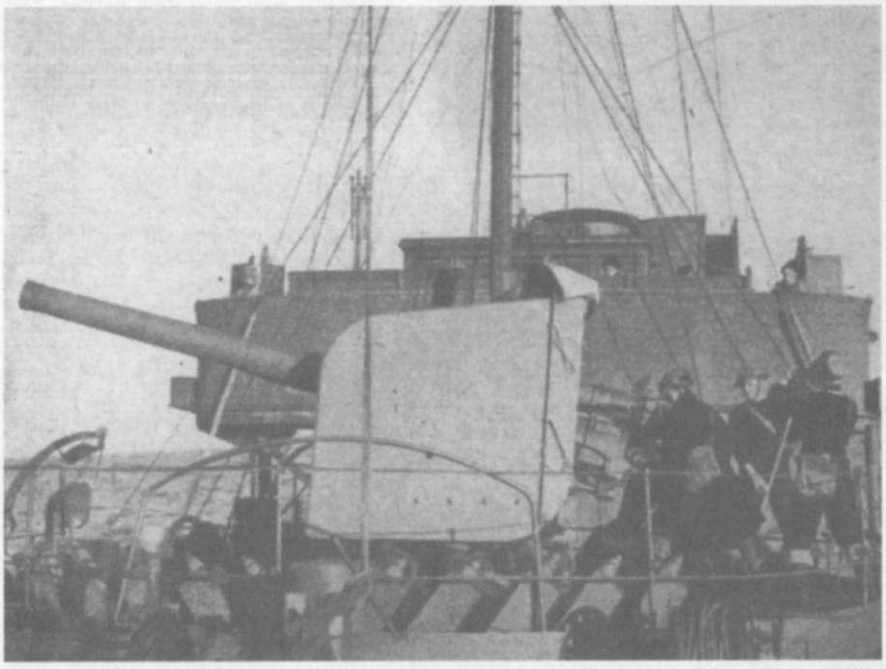
EARLY in December 1940 the losses of British and Allied shipping fell abruptly from the high toll the enemies had succeeded in taking week by week since the beginning of the previous June. At the time it was thought that the better record might be due to chance, the weather, or some other temporary swing in the pendulum in our favour. But as weeks passed and the losses remained comparatively—but only comparatively—low, it became apparent that the downward movement was of a significant character.

This significance derives from the fact that in previous months not only had losses been high but they had been *consistently* and depressingly high. The question now being asked was, How much longer is this to continue? In every one of the six months from June to December the enemy succeeded in sinking an average of more than 55,000 tons of British shipping per week and more than 80,000 tons of British, Allied and neutral ships combined. Over the whole of this period of six months the average weekly rate of loss was of the order of 65,000 tons of British and 94,000 tons total shipping sunk; in the former case more than three times the average up to the time of the collapse of France, and in the latter more than double the corresponding rate.

The sustained success the enemy was achieving at that time is shown by the fact that there was a difference of less than 10,000 tons in the record for the best of those months compared with the average for the period as a whole. The weekly totals issued by the Admiralty necessarily showed greater fluctuations, rising in one week to over 150,000 tons of British shipping sunk. But by themselves weekly figures are deceptive because they do not show the trend of losses and may be disproportionately swelled by the inclusion, for example, of a vessel of 30,000 tons sunk perhaps a few minutes before the time limit set to each week. The trend is, therefore, better illustrated either by monthly totals or average weekly figures over periods of four or five weeks.

A loss of nearly 100,000 tons of British, Allied and neutral shipping per week, such as was sustained during June-November 1940, corresponds to an annual loss of over 5 million tons gross. This is nearly six times the tonnage launched annually during the five pre-war years by Great Britain, the British Empire, and the United States together. It was for this reason that the Prime Minister declared in the House of Commons on December 19, 1940 that we must regard the keeping open of the Atlantic channel to the world "as the first of the military tasks which lie before us at the present time." He did not repeat the error made by other members of the Government, notably Mr. Arthur Greenwood, who suggested that the shipping situation was as perilous as it had been in the spring of 1917, but he stressed that the losses continued "at a disquieting level."

In fact, the seriousness of the immediate shipping position could not be compared to the worst period of the war of 1914-18, owing mainly to the tonnage contributions of our Allies, Norway, Holland and Greece, and to the fact that British losses had largely been made good by building, capture and purchase—the net British losses, indeed, amounted to less than 3 per cent of the tonnage owned at the outbreak of the war.



CORVETTES are the latest type of ship evolved by the Royal Navy to escort convoys. In this photograph, taken on board one of them escorting a large convoy in the Atlantic, the crew of the 4-in. gun is going to action stations when a U-boat is believed to be near. Corvettes present but a small target to dive bombers, against which also they are armed. See also page 110 of this volume. Canada has built at least 45 of these craft. *Photo, Central Press*

THE TREND OF SHIPPING LOSSES
(Average Weekly Losses)

	British	British, Allied & Neutral
	Tons Gross	*Tons Gross*
Sept. 3, 1939—May 27, 1940 ...	20,000	41,000
June 1940	63,000	100,000
July 1940	57,000	83,000
August 1940	65,000	82,000
September 1940	76,000	101,000
October 1940	64,000	88,000
November 1940	68,000	89,000
Average, June—Nov. 1940 ...	65,000	94,000
December 1940	52,000	68,000
January 1941	32,000	47,000
Average, 9 weeks ended Feb. 9, 1941	31,000	44,000

But, potentially, the situation was one of the utmost gravity, since we could look for no more assistance from neutral European countries—assistance, that is, such as we received as a result of Hitler's violation of the neutrality of one European nation after another in the spring of 1940—and little more from two other previous avenues of supply, namely, capture and purchase; while the losses, as has been shown, were at a rate considerably in excess of the capacity during the next eighteen months of British, Empire and American shipyards.

The extent by which these high losses were arrested in December and January is shown in the accompanying table giving the average weekly losses during the eight months following the German occupation of the French ports along the English Channel—a strategic advantage which had a profound effect on the war of blockade and counter-blockade, and one of which the Nazis made full and immediate use. The sudden fall in sinkings during December would be more apparent if the first week of that month—a bad patch—were excluded. In this case the average for the remaining three weeks of December would be 34,000 and 48,000 tons respectively, and the fact that the trend of losses broke at this period is taken into account in the last of the figures in the table, which show the rate of loss since the better record was first established. The table also illustrates the point that the steady rate of sinkings was broken for the first time in six months.

Stronger Naval Escorts

No single factor will suffice to explain the satisfactory reduction in sinkings, but of the several causes there is little doubt that the most important was the stronger naval escorts provided for the Atlantic convoys. Mr. Churchill stated, in the speech referred to above, that "from now on we shall steadily increase our resources in flotillas and other methods of defence." The increase in the naval escorts was brought about not only by the new vessels being turned out from British and Empire shipyards, but by the destroyers transferred from America and by the improvement in the Mediterranean situation following the British advance in Africa and the crippling of an important part of the Italian Fleet at Taranto.

Among the other factors are the weather and the strengthening of the defensive patrol of the Coastal Command of the R.A.F.

They Were Marooned in the South Seas

EMIRAU ISLAND with its palm-fringed beach was not an altogether inhospitable spot on which to be marooned. Right are some of the huts in which the victims made their homes until rescue came; the natives lent a willing hand in building them. The island lies north of Bismarck Archipelago, off New Guinea.

Residents in Emirau provided the motor-launch with a Kanaka crew, seen below, in which a small party of the survivors went to Kavieng, a port in New Ireland, 40 miles away, whence the news of the marooning was flashed to Australia.

TRAGEDY and drama were the lot of the passengers and crews of six British ships and one Norwegian that were caught by German raiders in the South Pacific in the last four months of 1940. Eventually, as we have told in pages 38 and 52 of this volume, some 500 survivors were crowded into one of the raiders, where their treatment was fairly good. Then, on December 21, 1940, the prisoners were landed on the little South Seas island of Emirau. Before leaving them, the commander of the German ship made sure that there was a plentiful supply of fresh water, but as there are only a little over two hundred inhabitants on the island, food and shelter were hardly adequate. Fortunately, the news of their marooning soon reached friendly ears and on Christmas Day they were rescued and taken to an Australian port. On the rescue ship they enjoyed the "best Christmas dinner of their lives"—bread and butter, cheese and coffee.

Rescued survivors are seen in the photograph above being towed in boats to the rescue ship. They were landed at a Northern Australian port and taken thence by special train to Sydney, where they were met by the Governor-General, Lord Gowrie, Lady Gowrie, and Federal and State Ministers. Right are two injured women leaving the station. *Photos, Sport & General*

OUR SEARCHLIGHT ON THE WAR

Costliest War in History

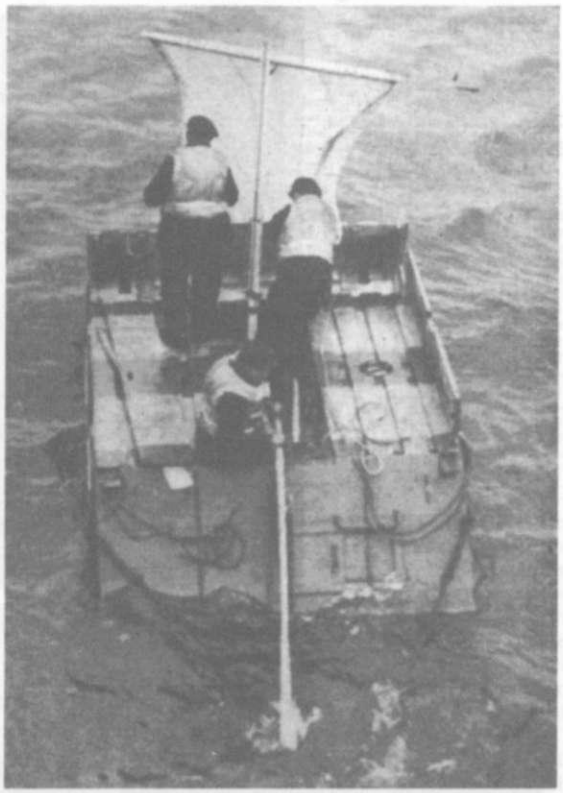
BRITAIN'S daily expenditure on the war effort is now over £10,500,000. This is more than twice what it was a year ago, and one and a half millions more than the daily cost in October. Sir Kingsley Wood, quoting figures from the Great War, told the House of Commons that the highest annual expenditure then was £2,432,000,000 in 1917. In the current financial year we shall have spent £3,300,000,000. Of our present daily ten and a half millions, eight millions are for the fighting services and two and a half millions for war services such as the Ministries of Shipping, Food and Home Security. "But," said the Chancellor, "the tremendous figures I have given are, indeed, striking proof of the country's determination to prosecute the war with all its might and with all energy and speed." He asked for, and readily obtained, two Votes of Credit—£600,000,000 for the current and £1,000,000,000 for the coming year.

Germany Raises the Wind in America

FOR some years Germany has been selling works of art, chiefly Italian, in order to increase her credit overseas. At first these were mainly Italian bronzes, objects of high value and comparatively small bulk, which were shipped to the States under the cloak of Italian trade. She has now sent a number of Old Masters for sale in America, and because of the British blockade they were dispatched via Siberia and the Pacific Ocean. There are fourteen of these pictures, drawn from the smaller treasures of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin. They comprise three Rembrandts, three Van Eycks, and one each of Botticelli, Fouquet, Vermeer, Velazquez, Raphael, Giorgione, Fra Lippo Lippi and Domenico Veneziano. The picture by Lippi is of the Nativity and is stated to have been painted as the altar-piece in the Medici Chapel in Florence. Italy possesses merely a copy of it. There are few examples extant of the works of Fouquet and Giorgione. With the sale of the three Van Eyeks only one important example by either of the brothers will be left in Berlin. It has been surmised that Hitler intends to draw upon the art galleries of Holland, Belgium and France to replenish Germany's depleted collections. With the large sum of money raised by the sale of these pictures Nazi propaganda and espionage in America will doubtless receive a very useful subsidy.

New Life-Raft

MR. R. S. CHIPCHASE, a ship repairer, has invented a reversible life-raft, and has passed over to the Ministry of Shipping all royalties and patents concerning it. Having watched a public demonstration of the raft, officials of the Ministry warmly recommended its use to the Merchant Navy. It is kept slung across the bulwarks of the ship. A kick will release it, or if there is no time even for that, it will free itself by an automatic floating release. One novel and important feature about the new design is that it is immaterial which side up it falls on the water. It has great manoeuvring power and cannot be sunk by machine-gun fire. Mr. Chipchase maintains that his invention can be cheaply mass-produced. "If you give our lads a sporting chance they will go anywhere," he said. "This raft will give them that chance in all weathers and whatever the circumstances." And the captain and crew who tried it out emphatically agreed.



LIFE-SAVING RAFT which, no matter how it enters the water, is right way up. Both sides of this new raft have provision for the storage of equipment; it is bullet-proof, and can float off a sinking ship. After the sail has been set, the lee-boards are erected. *Photo, Topical Press*

Medical Aid Posts Underground

LONDON Transport, with the cooperation of the Ministry of Health, Lord Horder and his Committee, the British Red Cross Society, the St. John Ambulance Brigade, and the Metropolitan Borough Councils, has erected medical aid posts at all of the eighty Tube stations which are used as air-raid shelters. The first, which was used as a model, was opened at Kensington. Most of the posts are on the platforms. They are extraordinarily compact, the enclosed space being only 18½ feet long by 7½ feet wide. Within these limits are a space for consultation, five bunks in an isolation bay for the temporary accommodation of infectious cases, cupboards for medical supplies, surgical instruments and dressings, water supply, electric sterilizer, and bunks for the nurses. The medical officer in charge of each post—he is appointed by the local Borough Council—makes a nightly inspection of the entire shelter population. In some stations a routine medical examination has been started of every child under fourteen. Inoculations against diphtheria are also carried out.

MEDICAL AID POSTS have been set up at the 80 London Tube stations used as air-raid shelters. Each post is a miracle of compression, containing the equipment normally found in a doctor's surgery. These children appear to be enjoying their medical examination at South Kensington. *Photo, Wide World*

Abyssinia's National Newspaper

ACCORDING to a Reuter special correspondent, there has been established in the heart of the Gojjam Forest, in Western Abyssinia, a publishing office from which every week copies of a newspaper entitled "Bandarachen" (Our Flag) are distributed free to the Ethiopian fighting forces and civilian population by native newsboys armed with spears or rifles. It is the first national newspaper to appear in the country for the last five years, and its production has been made possible through the enterprise of a propaganda unit which, under the command of a young British officer, made a fantastic journey across the Abyssinian lowlands, passing within a few miles of the Italian positions, to the place in the forest chosen for the newspaper's headquarters. The convoy consisted of 60 camels carrying a printing press, bundles of newsprint, boxes of Amharic type, other varied equipment, and a complete newspaper staff. "Bandarachen" has a decorative border in the Ethiopian colours, topped by the Lion of Judah, symbol of the Emperor Haile Selassie.

But for Their Masks They Would Have Wept!

BRIGHTON gas-mask rehearsal was a great day for the children, left. Putting on their masks they walked happily to school, proudly conscious of the fact that they passed through real gas, while the policeman in his Service mask who shepherded them across the road was an amusing part of the new game.

The milkman, below, on his rounds wore his gas mask and his customers wore theirs. In sealed bottles the milk escaped contamination and a supreme example of "business as usual" was given.

Photos, Fox, Planet News and Keystone

Warning of the presence of gas was given in the prescribed official way by wardens sounding their rattles—an unmistakable and penetrating noise. Above, pedestrians are putting on their gas masks at the first sound of the rattles. The warning lasted 30 minutes and then the "all clear" was given.

Throughout the gas alert there was no appreciable difference in Brighton's traffic, and here during the warning a policeman on traffic duty directs a coach-driver, both wearing their gas masks.

REALISM in a gas-mask test can teach useful lessons to those who are apt to neglect the simple injunction: "Carry your gas mask." On Feb. 17 Brighton had a realistic rehearsal of a gas raid. For two days the inhabitants had been warned that mild tear gas would be released over a certain area of the town, and that everyone entering this area when the warning had been given must wear a gas mask. The gas was released outside a cinema in which a first-aid station had been prepared. The response was excellent. Those in shops and offices worked on in their masks; policemen, postmen, omnibus conductors and tradesmen on their rounds set a good example, and only a few civilians forgot their masks and wept copiously as a result!

MIDDLESBROUGH, Yorkshire, has another way with gas masks. As an example to the public, policemen wear gas masks for two periods of 10 minutes every day, at noon and 5 p.m.

Honoured for Gallant Conduct

S./Ldr. G. R. McGREGOR

D.F.C., for gallantry in air battle. Squadron Leader McGregor (left), of No. 2 Canadian Squadron, who is a native of West Mount, Quebec, led his squadron with great gallantry on several occasions, and has himself been responsible for the destruction of three enemy machines. He is seen receiving his decoration, and congratulations, from the King.

F.Lt. J. CUNNINGHAM

D.F.C., for carrying out 25 night sorties, during which he destroyed two enemy bombers and made seven interceptions. This 23-year-old pilot (right) gained his wings at the age of 18 and is a member of No. 604 Squadron (County of Middlesex) Auxiliary Air Force. He is known to his comrades as "Cat's Eyes." The official record states that he "has operated with confidence and success in extremely bad weather."

Mrs. Goodbody (below), a Lambeth A.R.P. driver, awarded the O.B.E. for courage displayed during an air raid. Regardless of falling bombs and a heavy barrage, she helped to dig a tunnel with her hands and free 14 trapped people, although an old tower was liable to fall and bury her at any minute.

Below: Warrant Officer J. McDonald (left) was awarded the D.C.M. for exceptional bravery during dive bombing and shelling attacks on Dover. Gunner Bennett (right) gained the M.M. for bringing down an enemy 'plane with his A.A. gun. Though he fired without orders he was exonerated by a court of inquiry.

C.S.M. J. McDONALD

Gnr. A. E. BENNETT

A/Cpl. JOAN HEARN

M.M., for gallant conduct under fire. Throughout a heavy air raid, when bombs were falling alongside, Acting Corporal Avis Joan Hearn of the W.A.A.F. stuck to her post where she was controlling telephones.

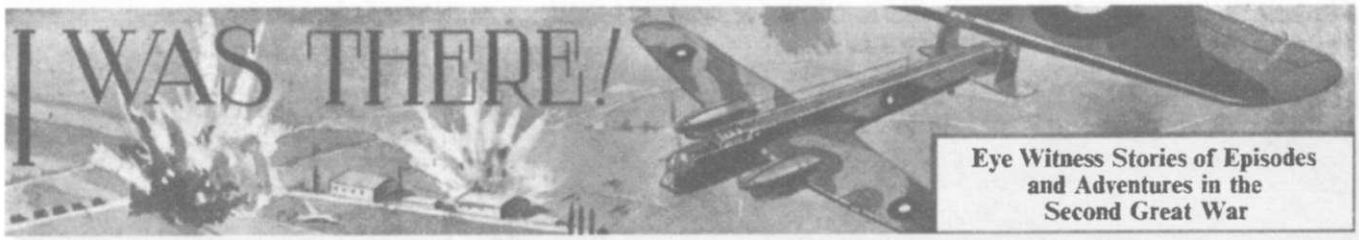
Mrs. MARY GOODBODY

A.B. F. HOUGHTON

Able Seaman K. F. BOYNE

Able Seaman F. Houghton (left) was awarded the D.S.M. for gallantry in fighting the submarine menace. He was one of several members of the crew of a former Hull trawler, the St. Loman, who were honoured by the Admiralty. Able Seaman K. F. Boyne (above) received the Royal Humane Society testimonial for rescue work at sea. When the lifeboat of H.M. Trawler Brimnes capsized and the crew were flung into the water, Able Seaman Boyne, seeing one man drifting astern of the ship in difficulties, jumped into the sea and took a lifebelt to him. Vice Admiral Sir C. G. Ramsey, C.-in-C., Rosyth, is seen presenting the testimonial.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; G.P.U., Associated Press, Planet News, "Daily Mirror"



Eye Witness Stories of Episodes and Adventures in the Second Great War

I Was Six Months Escaping from France

Called up with the " twenties " in November 1939 and sent to the Western Front in the following spring, Sapper John Garbett had a remarkable series of adventures before reaching England in December 1940. The story he told to Bernard Drew of the " Kentish Times " is exclusive to " The War Illustrated."

Sapper John Garbett, of Belvedere, Kent, whose astonishing adventures are told in this page, is now back in Britain with the troops who are training to have " another go at Hitler."

WITH other British soldiers I was taken prisoner at St. Valery-en-Caux on June 12, 1940, and, after marching about 200 kilometres towards Germany, decided I did not like the idea of going any farther. While we were being marched from one camp to another a friend and I took advantage of a chance to escape and ran around the back of a barn, diving into a bed of nettles. This was easily managed as there were about 200 prisoners in the column, and there was a commotion at the back over some food which a Frenchwoman was offering. As we were all in a starving condition the boys at the back made a dive for it, regardless of the German guards, who freely used their bayonets. This was when we did the vanishing trick.

After lying in the nettles until the column had passed, we crept into some bushes and stayed there till nightfall. That night we started off to get to the coast and came upon a deserted house. We went in and changed into French peasant clothes and also had a good meal, as there were plenty of vegetables in the garden. Next day we set out for the coast again and, after four days' hard going, during which we lived on chickens and potatoes, which we obtained illegally, we reached the coast near Boulogne.

The frontier between Occupied and Unoccupied France, seen here, is now far more closely guarded than it was at the time when Sapper Garbett and his companions crossed en route for Marseilles. *Photo, E.N.A.*

There we were in an extraordinary position, for our bombers were overhead and were " knocking hell " out of the place.

We started searching for a boat, but were spotted by a German sentry who shouted something, and, as we did not like the idea of speaking to him, we made a run for it. This must have surprised him because although he shot at us he missed and we reached some trees, and again did the disappearing trick.

After this we decided to make for Spain, and away we went. We came right through the big towns and down the main roads, mixing with the Jerries all the time. When we were asked for identity papers at bridges and the entrances to towns, I told them we were Belgian refugees looking for work. I had picked up a little French, and as the Jerries couldn't speak Flemish, we were fortunate and got away with it. Each time we played this trick we were told to report to the local French police and get identity cards. We would have done this, only the French police would have recognized us, and probably have turned us over to Jerry.

During this time we were sometimes helped by French people who gave us money and food, although we often went hungry and had to sleep in woods and ditches. The route we took was Boulogne, Amiens, Beauvais, Gisors, Vernon, Nantes, Chartres, Vendôme and Tours. There we discovered about " unoccupied France," so we decided to head for Marseilles instead of Spain. We managed to cross the frontier just outside Tours, and jumped on a train going to Marseilles. When we arrived there we were arrested by the French police, who sent us to an old military prison called Fort St. Jean, where we were interned, but after a few days were allowed to go out to the town by day. We were not allowed outside Marseilles, and it was here I lost my friend, who decided to go to Spain. I wanted to try to stow away to North Africa on a boat.

I stayed in Marseilles for six weeks, during which time I stowed away twice, but was discovered each time just before the boat sailed, and handed over to the police. After these failures, I decided to follow my friend's example and try to get to Spain. Incidentally, except for the spells I did in prison, I thoroughly enjoyed myself in Marseilles—as I made friends with a Corsican family who gave me clothes and money.

After I decided to make for Spain, I eluded the French police and caught an express as it was moving out of the station. After a few adventures I reached the Pyrenees. It took me two days to climb the mountains and get through the frontier guards into Spain. Here I was again arrested, by the Spaniards. I served a month's imprisonment for illegally entering the country, and was then turned over to the British Embassy at Madrid. From there I was sent to Gibraltar, and came home by liner—in a first-class cabin! All this took me about six months and about ten tons of luck to accomplish.

We Bombed Brest with Our Engines Frozen

The following story of a night raid on Brest was broadcast by the pilot of a Coastal Command Blenheim Bomber. A vivid description of the difficulties and dangers caused by the icing-up of aircraft engines, it is also a tribute to the quality of the 'planes which can survive such difficulties and of the crews who bring them safely home.

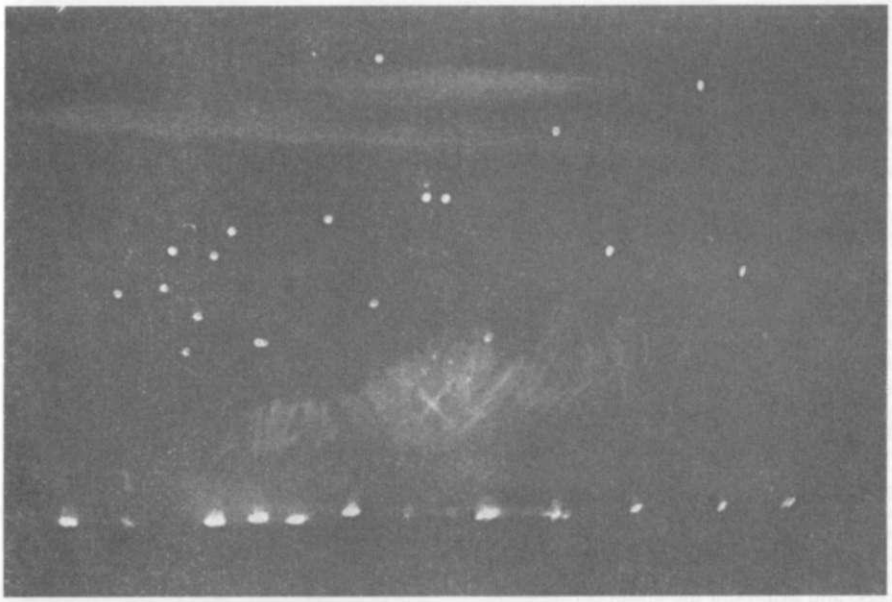
ONE night we were just making an ordinary night attack on Brest harbour. We'd been there before, and we knew roughly what to expect. There was a bright moon when we got near the place, and the flak—the anti-aircraft fire—was coming up in much the usual sort of way. There were curtains of fire here and there, cones of fire over the more important spots and searchlights wandering all over the place.

It was pretty cold, but you expect it to be cold at the height at which we were flying. Then suddenly the port engine stopped. My observer, who was in the nose of the aircraft, switched on the inter-communication telephone and asked: " What's happened?"

" Port engine stopped," I told him. Then, just as I said it, most of the noise died out of the aeroplane, and I said: " Gosh, starboard engine stopped, too."

" Well, here we go," said the observer, and that was all you *could* say about it

I WAS THERE!



Effects of R.A.F. raids on the French invasion ports are seen in this photograph, taken more than 20 miles away. Huge fires blaze on the horizon; above, searchlights cluster and white blobs show where A.A. shells are bursting. The glow of fires is seen high in the sky. A vivid description of a raid on Brest is given in this page. *Photo, Keystone*

Both engines had iced up and stopped, and we were gliding, without any power, slowly downwards.

I was not particularly worried at first. Engines do sometimes ice up and stop, and when you come down into warmer air, with any luck they pick up again. My only worry was to travel as slowly as possible, so that the glide would last as long as possible. The observer and I had a chat about it and decided that, as we were already over Brest, we might as well have a smack at the target, even without any engines. The flak had died away for the moment, so we started our first run in. By then we had lost about a thousand feet in height.

We made a run across the target area, but we couldn't see the exact target we wanted, so we came round again and started another run, a few hundred feet lower. And we kept on doing that, a bit lower each time, for what seemed about ten years—although really our whole glide lasted for less than a quarter of an hour.

By this time, of course, the German gunners knew we were there, and now and then they seemed to have a pretty good idea exactly where we were. There was one particularly nasty burst of flak all round us when we were about half-way down, and it shook the aircraft a bit, but we weren't hit. Every now and then a searchlight picked us up and I had to take avoiding action to get out of it. I didn't want to do that more than I could help, because every time I did it we lost a little more height, and shortened the length of the glide.

Once I called to the air gunner to ask him if everything was all right. "Sure," he said. "May I shoot out some of those searchlights?" But I couldn't let him do that for fear of giving our position away completely. He was disappointed, and every now and then he came on the 'phone and said hopefully: "There's a searchlight on us now, sir."

By the time we were down to about 4,000 feet, still without any engines, things began to look rather nasty. We were still gliding, and still making our runs over the target area, with the observer doing his best to get the primary target into his bomb sight—and, of course, we were still losing height. To add to our worries, another Blenheim high above us, without the slightest idea that we were below, was dropping flares and lighting the place up.

When we had lost another thousand feet we ran slap into the middle of trouble. The flak came up like a hailstorm going the wrong way. But even then, by a stroke of luck, nothing hit us. A little lower, however, our luck broke. The port wing stopped an explosive shell, which tore a hole two feet square in it. I called to the observer to get rid of the bombs on something useful, because we hadn't got enough height to go round again. The observer released the bombs, and they fell near the entrance to the Port Militaire—and still we were gliding downwards.

By now we were so low that we could see almost everything on the ground and in the harbour. I took one quick look over the side, but one look was enough. The tracer fire was coming up so quickly at us that I had to rely on the observer to direct me through the various streams of it. I had no time to watch it myself. The gunner got the dinghy ready in case we came down in the water, and he afterwards swore that he could see the black shapes of men by the guns on the ground, but I think it was probably the gun emplacements that he saw.

Right over the middle of the harbour, at just about 1,000 feet, we were caught in a strong blue searchlight—and almost simultaneously both our engines picked up again. I raced out of the harbour, through even more violent flak, fortunately without being hit again.

All the way home I had to keep the control wheel hard over to the right, to hold the damaged wing up, and several times the observer had to come back to help me hang on to the wheel, the pull was so heavy. We made for the nearest aerodrome in England, where they did everything they could to help us down. But directly I lowered the undercarriage the aircraft started to drop out of the sky like a brick.

The only thing to do was to land fast, so the crew braced themselves on the straps, opened all the hatches, and we came in 60 miles an hour faster than the Blenheim's usual landing speed. Luckily, the undercarriage was undamaged and we landed safely.

I Spent a Wintry Night in a Destroyer

Even on a "quiet" night there is ceaseless activity on board the destroyers escorting convoys, and the rigours of winter add to the trials of the crews. This account of a night in a destroyer, told by the Australian broadcaster Colin Wills, is published by arrangement with "The Listener."

WHEN I went aboard, the crew, in thick, buff-coloured coats with hoods, were hoisting in the boats, heaving up the ladder, and getting ready to slip the moorings. The ship hummed as the engine revved up. Then sailing orders were signalled, cables were slipped, and she moved to sea as easily as a train. As soon as we were moving, the bo'sun's mate shouted, "Action Stations!" Men ran up from below and doubled to their stations—at the guns fore and aft, at the anti-aircraft pom-poms, at the machine-guns, torpedo tubes and depth-charge throwers. (Even cooks and stewards have action stations and take part in fighting the ship.) The guns swung precisely to one side and there were small explosions as charges were fired to test the electric firing-circuits. When we had cleared the harbour the ship was ready for anything.

That was in the late afternoon. Then night fell. Everywhere doors slammed, curtains fell into place, ports were clamped close, gun-crews huddled beside their guns and tried to sleep. I can't describe how cold the wind was. Seamen—many of them had been miners, clerks, salesmen before the war—were hauling on ropes and frozen wires. The decks were covered with a slush of ice and water.

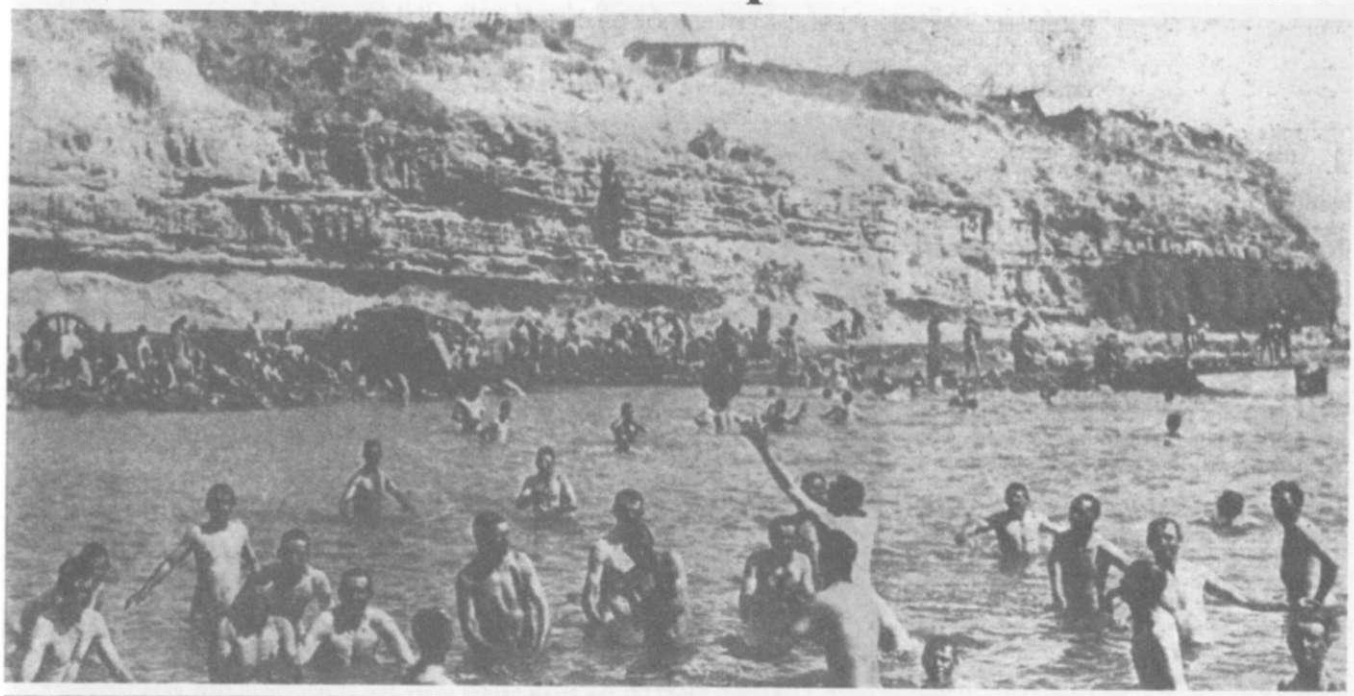
When I got on the bridge the wind simply froze my face, made it ache. The bridge is the fighting headquarters of the ship as well as the navigating centre. All the time officers were speaking, giving commands, messengers appeared and went away, signals flashed by lamp from other ships in the darkness were received and de-coded, telephones, telegraphs and speaking-tubes brought news and took away orders. The masthead man kept calling out: "White flashing light on port bow, Masthead" . . . "Darkened ship to starboard, Masthead" . . . "Red light ahead, Masthead."

I left the bridge and prowled about the ship. I was aft with a gun-crew, watching the flicker of our wake, when an alarm gong sounded. I stumbled forward over the iced decks and clambered up to the bridge again. A radio message had come saying that a convoy was being attacked to the eastward. The destroyer was already heeling over as she turned.

I could just hear the thud of gunfire from somewhere ahead. "Bombers?" I asked. "No," said an officer. "E-boats. We thought there might be some about with the sea so calm." The gunfire ahead became louder. The vibration of the ship increased and our bows kept plunging into the sea, throwing up clouds of spray that turned to ice as it settled. A star-shell burst far away, then another, and then a shower of them. The convoy was trying to see the E-boats so that it could keep them out of torpedo-distance with gunfire.

We seemed simply to roar towards the battle, but we were out of luck. Before we got there the message came, "Enemy retiring to eastward." We circled round until the moon rose, expecting another attack, but none came, and in the morning we steamed into port.

1915—After the Battle a Dip for the Anzacs—1941



Fighting is a dusty, dirty business, and soldiers become boys again when they get an opportunity for a plunge in the sea. It was the same twenty-five years ago as it is today. The top photograph was taken below the Red Cross Station at Helles, Gallipoli, in the spring of 1915. Men of the Anzacs, away for the moment from enemy fire, took on the holiday spirit. After the fall of Bardia in 1941 a similar scene took place, and in the lower photograph men of General Wavell's victorious army enjoy the luxury of a bath in the shallow waters of the harbour, smiling, no doubt, because Mussolini has said so often that it is his sea!

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; and Central News

In Poland the Nazi Brute Still Rages

Poland under the Nazis is a land of darkness and the shadow of death. It is a vast prison-house in which the Poles are treated as criminals and something worse. It is a huge torture chamber, a monster concentration camp. It is a lesson in Nazi brutality, a demonstration of what Hitler's gangsters can do and will do, given the opportunity.

IN spite of the savage treatment to which the Poles have been subjected for some 18 months, they still refuse to abandon hope, and so far as in them lies they keep up the struggle. Sabotage against the Germans is an everyday occurrence, and as Moder, Commander of the S.S. troops in the Warsaw region, complained not long ago, there are still many Poles who have not lost all hope in the resurrection of an independent Poland. Polish saboteurs and those in possessions of firearms are sure of the death sentence from the Nazi tribunals, but resistance and secret arming continue. For the most part, however, the resistance is passive.

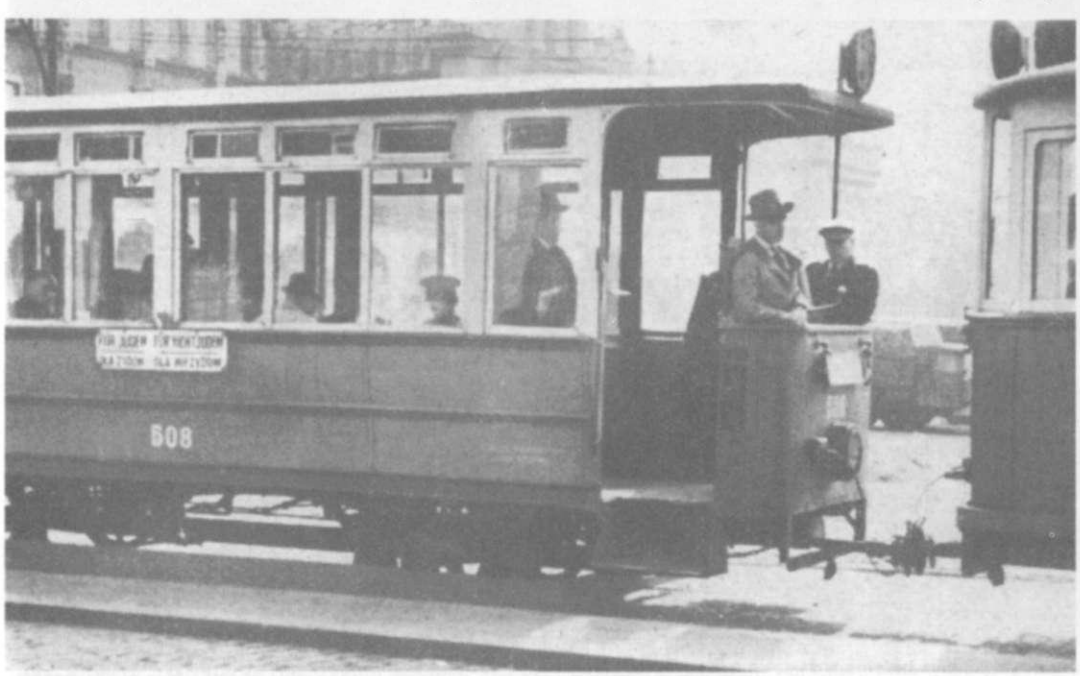
Thus on the first anniversary of the outbreak of war between Poland and Germany there was a huge passive demonstration in Warsaw, details of which have only recently arrived in this country. September 1 was a Sunday, and after attending morning church the Poles returned to their homes. The city, gay with German flags, was completely deserted save for the Nazi troops and officials; the Poles refrained from travelling in trams and trains, they deserted their usual seats in the cafés and restaurants, and even kept away from the cigarette stands and newspaper kiosks. Then at about 6 p.m., when the German military parade had ended and the loudspeakers set up on the street corners were silent and the platforms deserted, great crowds of Poles poured into the streets and made their way to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and other of their national monuments. There they heaped red and white flowers on the plinths and sang their national hymns. At once the Gestapo got busy, arresting many of the demonstrators and removing the flowers, but as soon as the Germans had gone the Poles again flocked round the monuments and piled fresh heaps of flowers round their bases. Again the crowds were dispersed, this time by German troops; many, including women and children, were cruelly handled, while many others were arrested and sent off to the labour camps in Germany.

INTO LUBLIN'S GHETTO the Nazis herded every Jew of this Polish city, once famed for its university. Behind these five little boys, two Jews are seen raising their hats to a German officer who was with the photographer when this photograph was taken. The men wear arm-bands designed to stigmatize them as Jews.

Many hundreds of thousands of Poles, both men and women, have been deported to Germany to work on the land for German farmers. In the Reich they are paid very low wages, and that payment is dependent upon their "physical abilities" and "psychological attitude," as to which the employer is the sole judge. Theoretically, Polish agricultural labourers are allowed to send home to their families 600 marks per annum, but the procedure for arranging the transmission is so complicated as to be almost prohibitive.

Not payment, indeed, or even persuasion, but brute force is employed in filling the ranks of these agricultural slaves. A local authority is given an order to supply a given number of workers, and if fines and threats do not produce the required quota, then regular man-hunts are organized by the Nazis, with rifle and whip in hand. Streets and fields, woods and marshes, are systematically combed, until at last a pitiable convoy of captives is ready to be taken away to Germany like cattle. It is stated that the number of Polish slaves in Germany is nearly a million and a half, including 650,000 Polish prisoners of war who have been "released" on condition that they stay in or go to Germany as "voluntary" workers.

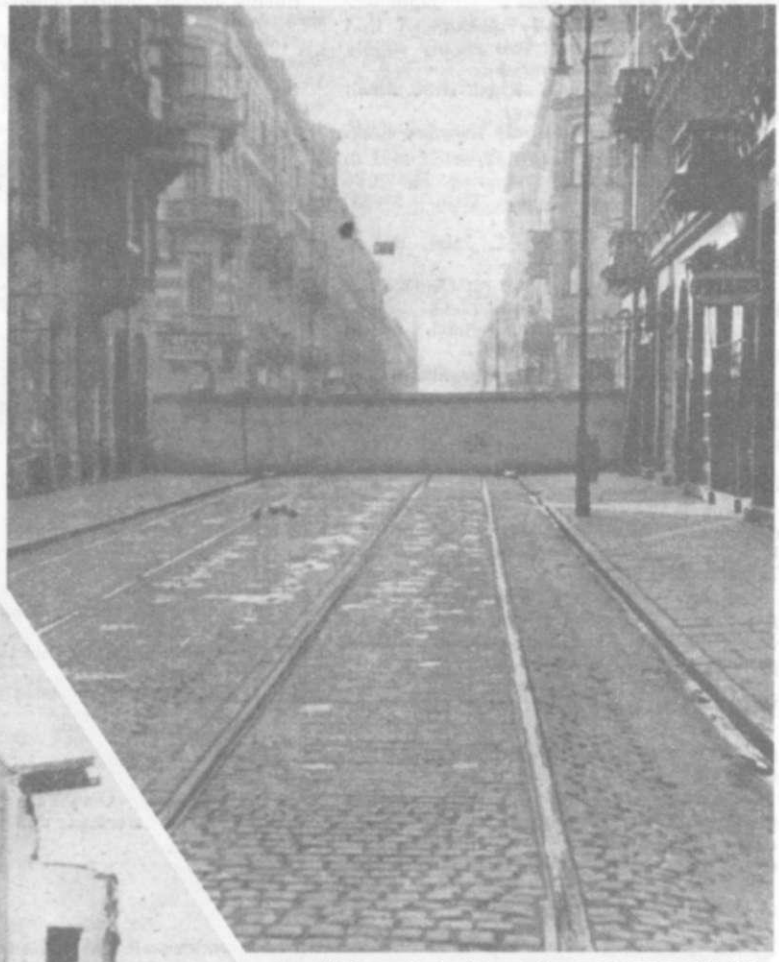
In Poland itself the condition of the people is deplorable. In the country districts food may be sufficient, if not plentiful, but in Warsaw and the other big towns there is a definite shortage of foodstuffs. And all the time the country is being systematically and thoroughly looted. Even the animals from the Warsaw zoo have been removed to Germany, while the zoo itself is being used for breeding pigs—for German consumption.



STREET CARS IN CRACOW, ancient city of Poland, have been divided into two compartments—not "smoking" or "non-smoking" as in many European cities, but "Jews" and "non-Jews." With Teutonic thoroughnesss, the Germans have subjected Polish Jews to every conceivable form of humiliation and insult. *Photos, Associated Press*

Tyranny Walks Abroad in Unhappy Warsaw

To convince the Poles that they have come to stay and to give them a constant reminder that they are a conquered people, the Nazis have renamed one of the principal streets of the city, Siegesstrasse (Victory Street).



Round Warsaw's Jewish quarter a concrete wall has been erected, and all Jews must live within it. Some of the streets are closed altogether to Jews. The notice below states that no Jew must set foot in it.

IN POLAND, as in the other Nazi-occupied territories, oil shortage is most marked. Thus in Warsaw cars other than those used by the invaders are rare. As a result the old horse-drawn cabs have been brought out once more, and here a few of them, in the centre of the city, await fares. Above them is a grim reminder of the days of the siege.

Photos, E.N.A., Associated Press

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

TUESDAY, FEB. 18, 1941 *535th day*

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that naval aircraft had sunk two enemy supply ships in Central Mediterranean.

H. M. trawler Stella Rigel shot down enemy aircraft in North Sea.

H. M. minesweeper Huntly reported sunk.

War against Italy—Cairo reported that in Abyssinia Italians had evacuated Danghila and other posts in Gojjam area. Mega, S. Abyssinia, surrendered.

Operations on line of R. Juba, Italian Somaliland, continuing.

R.A.F. raided aerodromes on Dodecanese Islands on nights of 16-17 and 17-18.

Enemy aircraft raided Benghazi. Three shot down and others damaged.

Home Front—During day bombs fell in East Anglia and few places in south and south-east England. Train in East Anglia machine-gunned.

German bomber destroyed by A.A. fire in Norfolk.

Greek War—Athens reported violent local engagements and new positions captured. R.A.F. maintained concentrated attacks on Tepelini area.

General—U.S.A. created number of defence zones in Pacific and Caribbean Sea, from which foreign ships and aircraft without permits will be excluded.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 19 *536th day*

In the Air—Coastal Command aircraft attacked enemy naval bases at Brest and docks at Calais.

War against Italy—Cairo stated that Patriot situation in Gojjam, Abyssinia, was developing satisfactorily. Enjabara had been captured, and post of Piccolo Abbai occupied.

R.A.F. carried out repeated attacks supporting Army offensive in East Africa.

S. African Air Force very active over Italian Somaliland. Attacks made on Bardera, positions north of Jelib, targets at Iscia Baidoa and Dinsor.

Enemy aircraft again raided Benghazi. One destroyed and one damaged.

Home Front—Enemy raiders dropped bombs at two places on N.E. coast of Scotland, near East Anglian coast and over Yorks and Lincs.

At night heavy attack was made on Swansea, thousands of incendiaries and high explosives being dropped. London also raided, and bombs fell in southern England and in east Scotland.

During air fight in snowstorm over Straits of Dover, two Spitfires came down in flames, both pilots baling out.

Greek War—Athens reported that further strong positions had been won, 300 prisoners captured and more material taken. Greek Air Force made bombing attacks on battlefields.

General—Announced that British defences in Far East had been strengthened by R.A.F. reinforcements and landing of Australians at Singapore.

THURSDAY, FEB. 20 *537th day*

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that H.M. Scalion had sunk enemy ship by gunfire off Norwegian coast.

H.M. minesweeper Bramble destroyed a Messerschmitt by gunfire.

H.M. armed auxiliary Crispin reported sunk.

In the Air—R.A.F. bombed docks at Ymuiden, Holland, by daylight. At night offensive patrol was made over aerodromes in Northern France.

War against Italy—Cairo announced that British troops had crossed R. Juba, Italian Somaliland, driving off counter-attacks.

Enemy aircraft raided Benghazi; one was destroyed.

Home Front—Few bombs fell by day in East Anglia. At night another attack was made on Swansea. Many fires started, but quickly controlled. Extensive damage by high explosives to dwelling-houses. Bombs also fell in south of England, London area, S.E. England and eastern counties.

Greek War—Athens reported restricted local mopping-up operations.

General—Mr. Eden, Foreign Minister, arrived in Cairo for consultations with military chiefs.

Mr. Menzies, Australian Premier, arrived in England.

THE POETS & THE WAR

XLII

THE FLOWER

By Christmas Humphreys

Now England's moat is manned;
On every tower
The yeomen of an island country stand
And wait the hour.
Now wonder dies away and through the land
Fair mistress pleasure sleeps within her bower.
With sword in hand, all leisure laid aside,
Heart fortified with olden memories and older pride
We wait, serene. Ours is the final power,
The will to freedom still to bonds unknown
That waits the enemy with laughing eyes, alone.

All must be offered now, of toil
Or splendour, all that England's soil
Has need of, all that life endears;
The wisdom of the years
And youth's abounding still unravished dower.

Let there be neither doubting now, nor tears;
He nothing fears
Who life itself wears lightly, as a flower.

FRIDAY, FEB. 21 *538th day*

In the Air—R.A.F. made night raids on Wilhelmshaven, industrial targets in the Western Ruhr and many aerodromes in France and Holland.

War against Italy—Announced that British troops had forced R. Juba north of original crossing. Operations from both bridgeheads developing.

Reported that King's African Rifles had seized islands near Kismayu.

R.A.F. bombed aerodromes at Catania and Comiso, Sicily on night of 20-21.

Home Front—Slight enemy activity during day, mainly over eastern England and east Scotland. At night third successive attack made on Swansea, considerable damage being done.

Heinkel shot down by A.A. fire at night near Bristol.

Greek War—Athens reported that strong enemy positions had been occupied and 200 prisoners and much material captured. Greeks shot down five enemy aircraft and R.A.F. destroyed seven. Bombing raids made by R.A.F. on Berat and Tepelini.

Balkans—German troops massing on Rumanian-Bulgarian frontier; advance units said to have crossed Danube.

General—Lord Harlech appointed High Commissioner to Union of South Africa for duration of war.

SATURDAY, FEB. 22 *539th day*

In the Air—R.A.F. bombers made night attack on Brest.

War against Italy—Nairobi announced that South African troops had captured port of Jumbo, at mouth of R. Juba. Brigade staff and other prisoners and much material taken. S. African bombers attacked troops on river banks and motor transport in Jelib area and west of Mogadishu.

Operations in Eritrea and Abyssinia proceeding. R.A.F. raided aerodromes at Chinele and Diredawa. Fighters of S. African Air Force attacked aircraft on ground at Massawa.

Announced that German airmen had twice bombed hospital ship Dorsetshire and also a hospital at Malta.

Home Front—Some bombs fell during day, mainly in East Kent and town in S.W. England. Unconfirmed reports of great air battle over Straits of Dover.

At dusk coastal town in N.E. Scotland was attacked. Raids during night were slight.

Enemy bomber destroyed near Bristol Channel and a fighter near S.E. coast.

Greek War—Athens reported renewal of Greek offensive, mainly in central sector.

R.A.F. bombers active, especially in Buzi area, near Tepelini. In Preveza area three enemy aircraft shot down.

General—Reported that Vichy had rejected compromise plan put forward by Japan for settlement of dispute between French Indo-China and Thailand.

SUNDAY, FEB. 23 *540th day*

On the Sea—Admiralty announced sinking of at least seven enemy supply ships by H.M. submarines in Mediterranean.

H.M. trawler Ormonde reported sunk.

War against Italy—Cairo reported that British troops, reinforced by Free French forces, were advancing in Eritrea along Red Sea coast.

In Abyssinia, Shogali had been occupied by British and Patriot units. Enemy counter-attacks repulsed.

Following capture of Margherita and important post of Jelib, It. Somaliland, advance east of R. Juba was progressing.

S. African aircraft destroyed eight enemy 'planes on landing ground at Makale, Eritrea. Targets at Neghelli, Abyssinia, were bombed. In Brava area, Italian Somaliland, six motor-transports were destroyed.

Home Front—Slight enemy activity during day, mainly off east and south-east coasts. At night high explosive and incendiary bombs damaged a north-east England town. Raiders were also over Home Counties, a London district, south-eastern area and east coast.

Greek War—R.A.F. supported Greek Army operations by raiding Dukaj.

MONDAY, FEB. 24 *541st day*

In the Air—Aircraft of Bomber and Coastal Commands attacked Brest, dropping bombs in area where cruiser of Hipper class was lying.

War against Italy—Cairo reported that in Eritrea British forces advancing southwards had dispersed Italian troops holding positions about Cubcub, making many prisoners.

In Abyssinia British advanced elements had reached Amanit.

West African troops captured Brava, port 160 miles north of Kismayu.

Home Front—During day bombs fell at a place in north Scotland. At night raiders were reported from East Anglia, Merseyside and a Home Counties area, but casualties were few and damage slight.